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"The Nation's Reading Habit"

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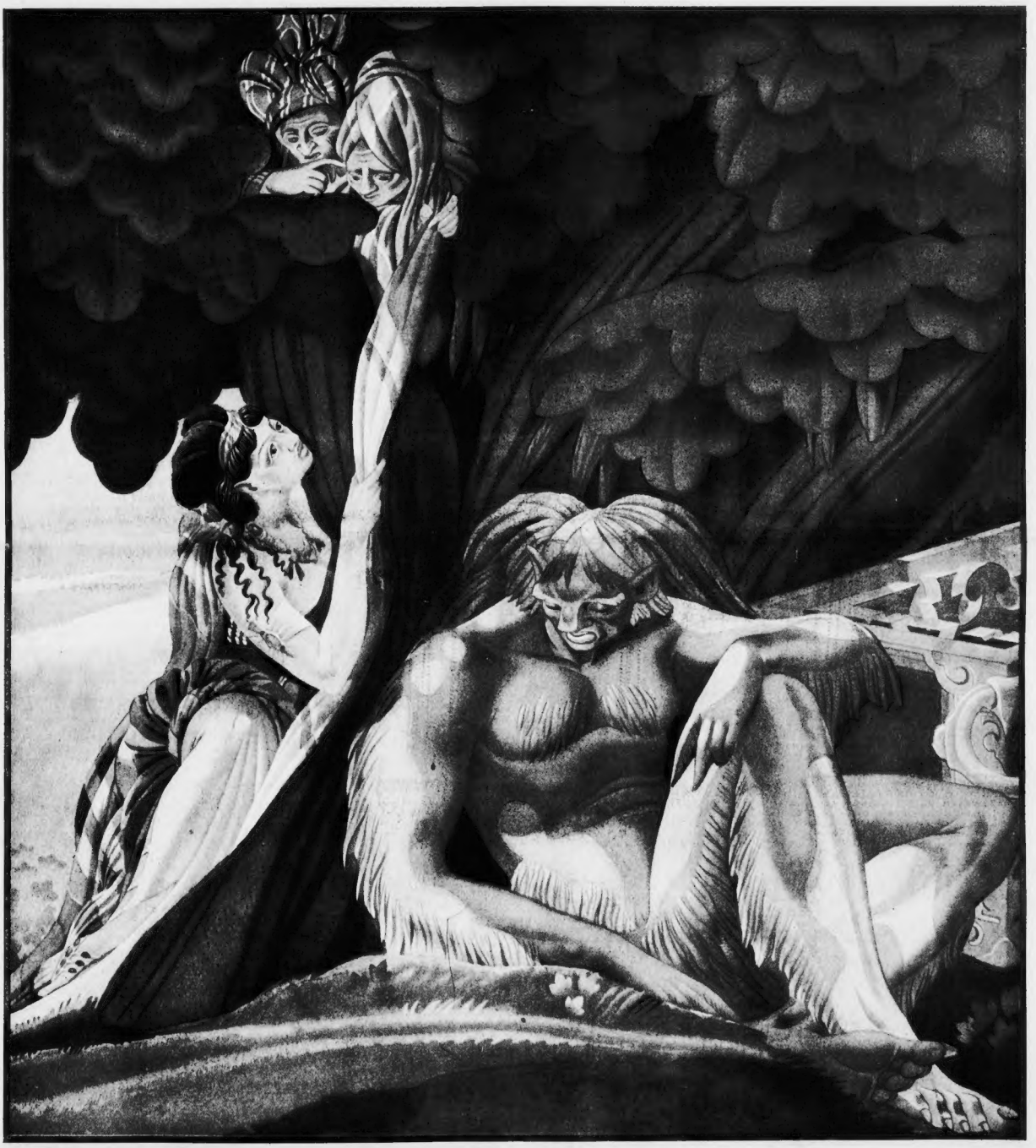


Episodes From the ARABIAN NIGHTS

By the Distinguished Artist Andre

THE TWO KINGS AND THE GENIE.

ONE DAY while traveling near the sea, King Shahriyar and his brother, King Shah-Zeman, saw arise from the waves a gigantic genie carrying a chest, and in fear they climbed up into a tree. Coming to the same tree, the genie opened the chest and out stepped a young woman. The genie fell asleep and the girl motioned to the two kings, but they refused to come down out of the tree until she threatened to wake up the genie, who, she said, would put them to a cruel death. Showing them a string of ninety-eight rings, she explained that the owners of the rings, unknown to the genie, had given them to her. When she had detained them as long as she desired, she added their two rings to her collection and permitted them to continue on their journey, while the genie slept on.

Free Three-Ring Circus For Lucky Texas Children

FRANK J. WALTER, JR., wealthy young sportsman in Houston, Texas, has never forgotten the greatest thrill of his boyhood Circus Day. That's why he and his wife own and operate a complete three-ring circus for the sole purpose of entertaining the underprivileged children of Texas' largest city.

At orphans' homes, the Crippled Children's Hospital, and in municipal parks, the Walters set up their paraphernalia and offer a variety of circus acts that would do credit to any traveling big-top aggregation. Mr. Walter estimates his circus equipment is valued at $7,000, and it costs him $400 a month to feed and care for the animals, but there is never any admission charge to see his circus. The Walters see to it that every youngster who is a guest at their show has his fill of refreshments. "For who ever heard of a circus," Walter asks, "without peanuts and pink lemonade for the kiddies?"

He has been training animals as a hobby since he was a lad of eleven, when he was the proud recipient of a young wolf, which he taught to wrestle with him in typical circus style. Within a year he had acquired a pony, a dog and a bear cub, and was operating a circus under a home-made burlap tent on a vacant lot in his neighborhood.

While in high school he frequented Herrmann Park Zoo, where he cultivated the acquaintance of Hans Nagel, the zoo keeper, who taught Walter much about the care and training of animals. The young man rounded out his education in animal training at the Winter quarters of Christy Brothers circus in South Houston, where he was tutored by Captain Terrell Jacobs, noted wild animal expert.

For several years Walter trained animals to perform, with no thought of public appearances. Then one day in the Spring of 1932, an official of a Houston orphans' home familiar with Walter's collection of wild and domestic animals, asked the amateur lion tamer to bring his animals out to the home to entertain the kiddies that afternoon.

The performance made a big hit with the youngsters and Walter decided to build more equipment and give more shows for such youngsters who ordinarily have no opportunity to see a circus. Demands for exhibitions of his show grew, even spreading to the neighboring cities of Galveston and Beaumont, and now the Walter circus gives as many performances as the busy young financier and his wife have the time to take part in. Pretty Mrs. Walter had never even ridden a horse before her marriage five years ago, but she has entered into her husband's hobby with enthusiasm and understanding. Her principal interest is in the horses and ponies, while her husband handles the wild animal acts.

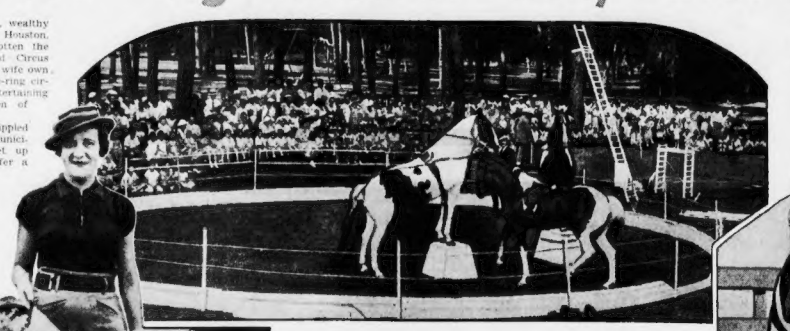
Despite his amateur status in the show world, the young trainer claims recognition for two outstanding acts which he has developed. He maintains his lioness, Congo, is the only animal of its species that has been taught to wrestle and fight its trainer, while Cherokee, a pony, walks 110 feet on its hind legs—a world record, Walter claims.

Mrs. Walter opens the show with her pony drill. She has six beautiful black ponies which go through military drills, mount pedestals and obey every command of their young mistress. Walter then introduces High Power, his high-wire-walking goat. The animal mounts a pedestal ten feet high by walking up a long incline and spans two wires stretched a distance of about twenty feet. Mrs. Walter's liberty horses are next, leaping hurdles, rearing on their hind legs and dancing, and she brings Cherokee out of the group for his long promenade. Then comes a troupe of six trained dogs. Queen, a mongrel, is the wire-walking star. Sonia and Czar, Russian wolfhounds, do broad and high jumping, and Binghi, a Belgian Pomerian, and Bonnie, a Scotch terrier, walk on their hind feet, jump through hoops and do other stunts. Three clever German dachshunds, dressed as clowns, provide the comedy.

Mrs. Walter rides one of her five-gaited horses. Pete, a spider monkey, rides a Shetland pony. The performance reaches its climax when Walter enters the arena with the lioness for the concluding feature of the show. Often the couple are aided by friends who act as clowns, and sometimes Nellie, the elephant in Herrmann Park Zoo, is borrowed for performances.

The show grew to such an extent that moving the performers and the equipment became a problem, but not for long. Walter purchased half a dozen cage-wagons of the old Gentry Brothers circus and built an elaborate automobile trailer with stalls for five horses and a similar trailer to carry six ponies.

Nowadays, when the Walters start out to put on a show, their caravan has every appearance of a real circus.



A Typical Audience of Houston Youngsters Witnessing the Wonders of the Circus Provided for Them by Mr. and Mrs. Walter.

Mrs. Frank Walter, Jr., Who Assists Her Husband in Training Wild and Domestic Animals for Their Circus Dedicated to Underprivileged Children. Until Her Marriage She'd Never Ridden a Horse.

Below—"Cherokee," the Trained Pony, Favorite of Mrs. Walter. He Has Walked, on Occasions, 110 Feet on His Hind Legs.

One of the Favorites of the Audience Is Binghi, the Dog, All Dressed Up for His Performance.

Fame Bores 3-Tail Dog

PAL is a three-year-old Spitz. His coat is snow-white, and he lives in Buffalo, N. Y. Wherever he goes people stop to pet him, talk to him and lay hands upon his tail. He can't call his "dog's life" his own, and he has made it plain that he wishes people would mind their own business and leave him to the traditional canine business of burying bones and chasing cats. In short, he's bored with his public.

What earned Pal a public is his tail. It is not one tail but three. The men of science who take note of such phenomena report that Pal—who doesn't know he's a freak—has a caudal appendage that is rare indeed, a projection from his rear end that not one dog in a million can boast. All of the tails are generously covered with white fur and the two extra ones appear to be offshoots of the main stem that would have sufficed.

Pal belongs to Mrs. Mary Bierma. He would be quite happy to lavish all his affection on her and get along with only passing attention from other humans. But that tail of his denies him much privacy when he is outdoors. Wherever he goes people stop to look at him, to whistle at him and make a first-hand inspection of his hinder parts.

The dog takes this attention with fair grace. When he was younger and less bored with the situation in which he finds himself he used to spend a lot of time letting folks pat his head—and handle his tail. But too much is enough and nowadays Pal does not answer every beck and call. He sometimes looks in the direction of the summons and keeps on wherever he's going as if he were saying: "Some other time. I've been Exhibit A enough for one day."

Pairs of Her Expensive Slippers and Pumps. The Photographer Caught the Stage Star After a Conference in Which She Decided to Return to the Theatrical Realm in a New Operetta, "Un Coup de Veine," and Mistinguette Admitted That She Was Just Trying to Make Up Her Mind Which Pair of Slippers to Select Before Packing Up to Move From the Suburban Villa, Where the Photograph Was Snapped, to a Paris Hotel.

Mlle. Mistinguette, Perennial Paris Stage Favorite, With "Just a Few"

U.S. To Breed Oven-Size Turkey

UNCLE SAM'S poultry experts in the Department of Agriculture—ever alert to the wishes of the country's housewives—have set themselves a difficult problem; they are going to see what can be done about "streamlining" turkeys.

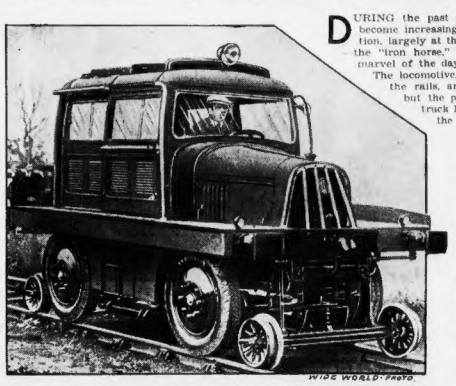
It seems that in these days of smaller families the average run of "gobblers" is too much turkey, for the pocketbook, the appetite and the pans in which the birds are roasted. Many buyers would prefer turkeys that weigh from 12 to 15 pounds dressed instead of the usual "toms" that tip the scales anywhere from 14 to 21 pounds when they are ready for stuffing and the oven.

What the Department of Agriculture hopes to do is develop a breed of turkeys which will be plump, tender and tasty but which will be smaller at maturity than a lot of the "gobblers" that grace the American dinner table at Thanksgiving and Christmas.

One official who will have a hand in the interesting enterprise says, "what we hope to produce is what might be called an oven-size turkey, and this remodeled bird will have to look something like a duck. Its legs would be somewhat shorter and smaller around. Its back would be a little broader. But it would still be a deep-breasted fowl with plenty of meat on it in proportion to its size and weight."

Our grandmothers thought nothing of cooking turkeys that weighed as much as 25 pounds. But thousands of homes in the country just couldn't manage a bird this big.

An Auto for Road or Rails, and It Even "Walks" Up Steps



The New Loco-Traulier on a Siding at Brentwood, Middlesex, England. The Vehicle Is Adaptable for Road or Rails and Can Even Mount Stairways. It Weighs Less Than Four Tons.

WIDE WORLD-PHOTO

DURING the past decade the automobile has become increasingly important in transportation, largely at the expense of the locomotive the "iron horse," which was the mechanical marvel of the day, not so many years back. The locomotive, and the cars it pulls over the rails, are still far from outmoded, but the personal motor car and the truck have made great inroads on the business of the world's railroads.

In the light of this evolution in the means by which men get themselves and their goods from one place to another, such hybrid machines as the one shown in the photograph at the left are of exceptional interest to the layman and, especially, to men who make transport their business.

This utra-modern piece of rolling stock is called the "Loco-Traulier," and it is both locomotive and automobile. Besides four rubber-tired wheels, with which it can roll over the roads at a smart clip, it has four smaller flanged wheels, mounted fore and aft of the big wheels with tires mounted on their rims. These make it possible for the freak machine to leave the highway for the rails and travel at high speed, with several freight or passenger cars in tow.

Demonstrations of this machine, recently made in England, revealed that it can do tricks not possible either to locomotives or standard-type motor trucks. Its wheels are so designed that the machine can actually climb a flight of low steps almost as well as a caterpillar tractor. The short and lightweight "Loco-Traulier," which weighs less than four tons, is so balanced that it can "walk" up steps at a 30-degree incline.

With cars similarly equipped with both tired and flanged wheels, it would be possible for this hybrid machine to pull a string of bus-cars over the rails, and at any desired point leave the rails and haul the same vehicles over the road.

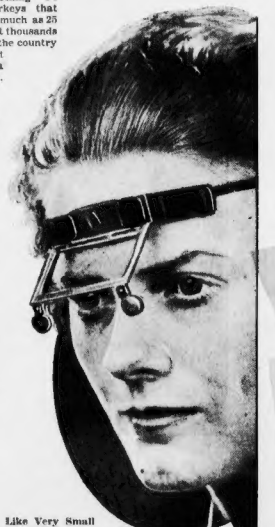
The New Anti-Dazzlers

AUTOMOBILE accidents are becoming a serious national problem in the British Isles as well as in this country, and inventors are turning their talents to devising gadgets that will reduce the toll of human life—and make them some money for their timely ideas.

The young woman in the photograph at the right is wearing a contraption which is intended to appeal to motorists who find night driving difficult and dangerous because of the glare of headlights shining in their eyes. The little discs attached to the windshield-like visor are made of transparent amber-colored material and they are placed so that the wearer can look through them, or around them.

When the discs lie between the wearer's eyes and approaching headlights, the blinding glare of the lights is greatly reduced and the driver can see both the coming machine and the road. People who have worn the queer-looking spectacles in road tests say that they do what they are intended to do and are not at all uncomfortable to wear.

The inventor of the "anti-dazzlers," as the odd goggles were dubbed by visitors to the automobile show at which they were demonstrated, believes they are a great improvement over the usual smoked glasses that completely cover the eyes.



Like Very Small Goggles Are These Glasses to Shield the Eyes of Motorists. They Were Exhibited Recently at a Motor Show in England.

GLOBE-PHOTO

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What It Cost Millionaire Young to Be a Gentleman

Distressing Results of Extreme Tactfulness in Not Looking Into a Cabana to See What Was Detaining His Wife Described to a Surprised Court

Mr. Lewis G. Young Whose Unusual Testimony So Interested the Court.

"We were visiting some friends on Long Island," Testified Mr. Young. "Mrs. Young left the party with our host. I saw them walk a distance to a cabana. They remained there for an hour and a half. This started my inferiority complex."

"Why didn't you go down to them if you were so upset?" He Was Asked.

"Why? Because I am a gentleman."

Then Tears Ran Down His Cheeks and He Sobbed.

Five Descriptions of a Gentleman.

1—He is a gentleman because his nature is kind and affable to every creature.
—*Barnfield, in "The Shepherd's Content."*

2—According to my mild way of thinking, it is not essential that a gentleman should be bright.
—*Corra Harris.*

3—If a man is a gentleman, he knows quite enough, and if he is not a gentleman, whatever he knows is bad for him.
—*Oscar Wilde, in "A Woman of No Importance."*

4—A gentleman is a person who never hurts anybody's feelings unintentionally.
—*William Howard Taft.*

5—It don't cost nothin' to be a gentleman.
—*John L. Sullivan, reproving a rowdy.*

Mrs. Ruth Young, the Attractive Wife of Unhappy Mr. Young.

IF A HUSBAND has grave doubts about his wife's conduct, and finally, with his own eyes, he sees her saunter into a cabana, or bathing bungalow, with still another man and stay there for an hour and a half, would he feel justified in looking in?

Mr. Lewis G. Young, millionaire mining engineer of Bronxville, N. Y., told a somewhat surprised court in White Plains, nearby, that this was his reason for not breaking in on his wife Ruth's cabana tete-a-tete. But being a gentleman is sometimes bad for one's health, apparently, because, as a result of not investigating, Mr. Young got, he testified:

1. An inferiority complex.
2. Deep humiliation.
3. A feeling of defeat.
4. A nervous disease.
5. Gland trouble.

In spite of everything he still isn't quite positive whether all this alleged kissing, hugging, drinking and week-ending with "Viv," "Googly-Eyes," and others only meant purely platonic petting, as Ruth and her friends say, or that by any chance she was untrue to him in a serious-minded way.

But about that cabana incident—

"We were visiting some friends on Long Island," Mr. Young testified. "Mrs. Young left the party with our host. I saw them walk a distance to a cabana. They remained there for an hour and a half. This started my inferiority complex."

"Why didn't you go down to them if you were so upset?" he was asked. Mr. Young slumped down in the witness chair.

"Why?" he repeated. "Why? Because I am a gentleman."

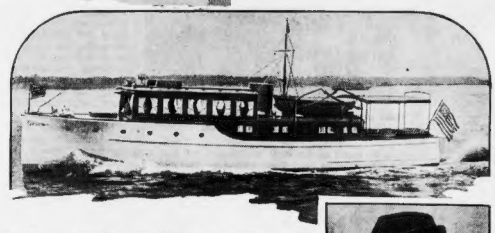
Tears ran down his cheeks.

"I don't know what to think," he sobbed.

Mr. Young might have gone through the rest of his life without really trying to find out whether his pretty, brunette wife was good, bad or merely indifferent. But Ruth pushed him into considering the matter by bringing suit for separation, with a few little trimmings such as $200 a week permanent alimony, $5,000 counsel fees, custody of their child, Edith Joan, sixteen years old, with $2,500 more a year for her education.

The specific ground for the suit was a charge of abandonment, though there were other minor ones mentioned such as snoring too loudly, talking too much and talking "over my head continually."

The alleged desertion occurred on a cold, December night of 1933, with Christmas in the offing. Young, accompanied by his friend, Edward Hodge, got aboard the Young yacht, somewhat appropriately named "The Riot," and without so much as tooting the whistle at his society wife, ran down the coast to the Young family's home on Rose Island in the Bahamas. This unceremonious departure, which Mrs. Young considered much ruder than going out muttering profanity and slamming the front door, at first worried her and later annoyed her so much that she made a legal departure with the loud bang of a separation suit.



Sister-Ship to "The Riot," the Well Named and Expensive Cruiser of the Youngs.

Mr. Young says it was not an abandonment, just a retreat due to that inferiority complex which his wife's behavior gave him. For instance, one night in their Bronxville home he awoke to find that his wife had left their bedroom. Wondering, he said he heard her talking with a gentleman whose name it would not be gentlemanly to mention because the gentleman was a house guest. As he opened the bedroom door he says he heard Mrs. Young say:

"S-s-s-h! He's up!"

By the time he got downstairs the guest had returned to his own room and his wife was in another. She said, he testified, that she had explained this by asserting his snoring had prevented her from sleeping.

When the Youngs were house guests of a fashionable person in Southampton, Long Island, whose name it would be ungentlemanly to mention because he was their host, Mrs. Young urged her husband to let someone tell his fortune. While in the midst of the fortune-telling he happened to look out the window and says he saw his wife in the act of being kissed by their host.

The vision spoiled his interest in the future and he went out just in time to see his host and his wife slip into one of those cute little bath houses, called cabanas. When they came out one and a half hours later she said that the kiss and everything was just palsy-walsy, platonic stuff that didn't mean a thing. Of course, he believed her but, somehow, every time his host looked at him, he had a terrible inferiority feeling. Finally this got so bad that he had to escape for a while, otherwise he might have said something rude to his wife.

But a lawsuit has to be handled by lawyers, according to the rules of the game. The Normans who invented the English-speaking type of gentleman, also invented most of the laws which govern him and his lady. Even in the days of William the Conqueror it was perceived that a gentleman could not be too chivalrous in law courts or the opposite sex would win the very chain shirts from their backs and the last coat of mail would belong to the female. When Mr. Young told his lawyers that he really did not know what to think about his wife's behavior, they said they would have to find out. Mr. Young was pained, but the legal gentlemen were insistent.

They employed a detective, who does not need to be a gentleman. This "investigator" wasn't even disguised as one. It was a lady "dick," Mrs. Beatrice Greenwood, pert, blonde and attractive, who testified that she acted as a "secretary-investigator" for Mr. Young.

"I knew I was to keep my eyes and ears open," she began. "One day Dorothy (the cook) told me that Mr. Young had called her mistress and said that he was going to get a divorce. Mrs. Young went to the telephone. I heard her call several women. She said to them: 'We're all in the same boat. We're all man-crazy, and we must stick together. Lewis has framed me with young men and is suing for divorce.'"

Sidelong glances were cast by many of the stylishly dressed society women in the courtroom. Even among the most advanced exponents of the "new morality," no woman likes to be called "man-crazy." Therefore, that comment, if true, would put any of Ruth's society matron friends who might rush to her aid, somewhat "on the spot."

Miss Edith Joan Young, the daughter Who Journeyed from Her Fashionable Southern School to Testify That Her Mother Was All a Good Mother Should Be.

Secretary Beatrice Greenwood, to Whom the Youngs' Cook Confided, So She Testified, Many Strange Things.

The star witness was Captain Herbert G. Palmer, sailing master of "The Riot." Accordto the skipper's story, once:

"Mrs. Young came alongside with a party of six. Three men, three women. They boarded and we started. They were all intoxicated and roamed from stem to stern. I found couples kissing and hugging in the dinghy. One of them was Mrs. Young. I have to enough to see that everyone was having a good time. Once all six of them got into the dinghy, which was unships, hugged and kissed and broke the strongbacks. They messed up the ship plenty."

The next month came a cruise, more intimate, less messy, said the captain.

"She was alone, this time," the captain said, "I mean she had only one man along."

"Who was the man?" asked Humphrey J. Lynch, Young's attorney.

"I know him by the name of 'Googly-Eyes,'" replied the mariner.

"Why did you call him that?" asked Lawyer Lynch.

"Because he had googly eyes," answered the captain reasonably enough.

"Well, what happened?"

"I had to go through one of the cabins to check an instrument. I opened the door and there on a bunk were Mrs. Young and 'Googly-Eyes'."

"Were they lying down?"

"Yes, sir, they were that. I closed the door quickly. Later I saw Mrs. Young fixing her hair."

This ended the mariner's tale and promptly there blew up a hurricane of cross - examination from Mrs. Young's attorney. Mr. Bern Budd. But the captain weathered the storm without being knocked so much as a point off his original course.

Among the alleged wife and wayward incidents, one, related by Young himself, happened at their Bahama Island home. Young said he was sick, but his wife insisted on attending a party on a British man-o'-war, alone. From this he complained that she did not roll home until three in the morning, but Ruth had a crushing answer. She had been entertaining the Princess Alice, sister of King George V of England, which, she thought, ought to be good for any husband's inferiority complex.

Mr. Young produced a diary in which his wife had jotted down some of the disputed goings and comings. She had kept it in a safe which her husband was not supposed to know how to get into. She declared he had assistance from a gentleman of the underworld who was highly educated in that line. The following was one of the items:

"Jan. 6, 1934. Victor for eve-dinner, dancing. Eggnog-Victor over weekend."

The husband was able to identify this character as Victor Bowman, without violating the gentleman's code because he accused Victor of being an uninvited guest.

Though most of the alleged Romeos remained as anonymous as "Googly-Eyes," some were not. George Jackle, former chauffeur of the Young family, told of driving Mrs. Young and Harold R. Mills, neighbor and well-to-do stockbroker, to a theatre and speakeasy and described Mr. Mills' vigorous love-making on the ride. Others brought into the spotlight were Charles V. Benton, who would be called in a theatre program "another broker," and John E. Peters, "a third broker," and there was John J. Hageman, wealthy manufacturer. Mrs. Young brought four of these friends into court to testify that she wasn't that kind of a girl at all. Said Mills:

"Yes, I have kissed Mrs. Young frequently—so what? It was all just friendly."

"Certainly, all in fun, no harm," explained Benton.

"Oh, never a surreptitious kiss, just friendly gestures," Hageman asserted and Peters, though admitting that he had dined with Mr. Young's wife, said that it was insignificant—no kisses nor shoulder strap breaking.

Mrs. Mills and some other wives of the alleged petters impressed the spectators with their strong faith by telling the court that all those gestures were purely platonic and perfectly all right—just a modern social custom.

Toward the close of the trial Mrs. Greenwood annoyed Mrs. Young by remembering that Dorothy, the cook, had told her that every time Mrs. Young came home late and lit, she had to mend her shoulder straps. From that the cook had deduced that gentlemen in high life must be inveterate shoulder strap breakers, just as they are in the movies. Mrs. Young denied any abnormally large strap breakage.

And then, with the detective's reports in his hand, Mr. Young broke down, sobbing, and said he still wasn't sure about his wife. In that flabbergasted courtroom, it was Supreme Court Justice Graham Witschief who suspected the cause. He asked:

"Do you still love your wife? Do you want her to return?"

"Yes, I do," Mr. Young sobbed, but, alas! only a scornful "No!" came from Mrs. Young.

Whether true or not, Mrs. Young perhaps could not avoid having all those unpleasant things said about her. But her sixteen-year-old daughter from an expensive school at Aiken, South Carolina, sat and listened to them. She staunchly defended her mother.

The judge took this matrimonial headache under advisement.

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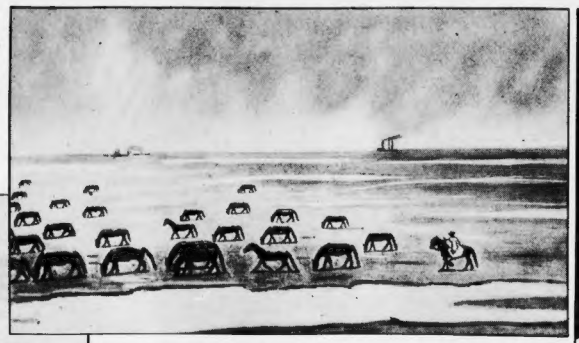
The Hungry Genius Who Achieved Fame and then Ate Himself To Death

BUDAPEST.

FOR more than twenty years Nicholas Kaplar clung to a dream. Through poverty and discouragement he fought his way up from a peasant background to fame, recognition and what was, for him, a fortune—and then he died. In a tragic way, he was one of those people who couldn't stand prosperity. His grimly humorous epitaph might well be, "He ate himself to death."

The strange story of Nicholas Kaplar goes back to the turn of the century—he was only thirty-two years old when he died in agony, pleading with Fate to spare him so that he could go on painting—when he was born on a farm in the village of Baracska. The Kaplars were poor people. Their acres were not many, nor were they fertile. The large family subsisted on the simplest of food, and most of the time there was not enough of it.



Below—"My Friend, John Kosacs," Is the Title of This Painting by the Self-taught Genius, Nicholas Kaplar, Who, When He Finally Acquired Enough Money to Eat Regularly, Overdid It.

Another Sample of Kaplar's Work—"A Herd of Horses on Hortobagy." Kaplar Was Himself a Shepherd, and Specialized in Pastoral Scenes.

As far back as Nicholas Kaplar could remember he had the desire to draw and paint. When he was a dozen years old he used to spend most of his spare time sketching the things he saw around him: horses straining at the plow, cows grazing on green hillsides, the bronzed faces of peasants laboring in the fields or making holiday in their bright, Sunday-go-to-meeting costumes. No one thought these sketches were worth the paper they were drawn on. Nicholas' mother, worn out by her labors, took no interest in the pictures and upbraided her son for wasting his time.

For 32 long, lean years Nicholas Kaplar stuck to the farm. Then, one day, he rebelled. He told his mother he was going to Budapest, where he could meet artists, critics, people who bought pictures if they liked them. He had to know whether there was anything to his dream. He packed his few belongings in a battered old valise and set out, on foot, for the capital.

For more than a year he lived in a small attic room. He painted furiously. Hopefully he carried his canvases to the shops of art dealers. Nothing much happened. There were times when Kaplar had to make a pot of soup and a loaf of bread stretch over days. Even the coarse, scant fare at home—and there seldom had been enough of it—was better than this. To have good food and plenty of it became an obsession with him.

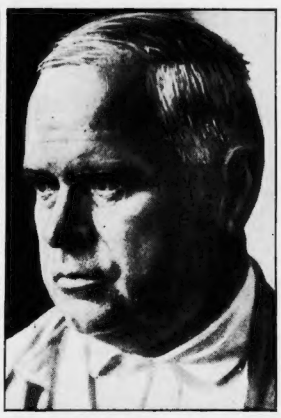
One day, in desperation, he took what he thought was one of his best pictures to a butcher shop. He told the owner that he was hungry and would swap the canvas for a couple of chops. The butcher gubbled, but finally accepted the proposition.

Weeks later, with his belt pulled tight, Kaplar again visited the butcher with a picture under his arm. To his surprise the shopkeeper greeted him warmly and turned to a well-dressed gentleman seated in a chair.

"Here he is, at last, Mr. Balint—the fellow who painted the picture I showed you," said the butcher.

At that moment the farm boy's dream began to come true, because Eugen Balint is one of Hungary's most distinguished art experts, and he had much to say to the hungry painter.

Less than a month after this meeting Balint sponsored an exhibition of Kaplar's paintings. The canvases were hung in one of the city's leading galleries and the man who painted them was hailed for his "primeval genius." Most of the pictures sold at good prices, and Kaplar, for the first time in his life, had plenty of money in his pockets. On the strength of his sudden "discovery" orders for portraits and landscapes poured in. Some of the painter's small circle of friends became a little concerned for his mental balance when they went to his ramshackle studio, from which he refused to move, and found the place piled high with food. Hams, cheeses, pots of preserves cluttered the place. Kaplar explained that he was going to "catch up on his eating," to make up for all the years he had longed for good food and plenty of it. He stocked more and more food as his fortunes improved, and ate much more than was good for him. He once explained to a colleague that this prosperity might not last and that he was going to be kind to his stomach while he could.



Nicholas Kaplar, the Man Who Rose From Famished Poverty to Fame, Only to Throw Off His Repressions and Become a Gourmand, Finally Overtaxing His Digestion and Causing His Own Death.

But Kaplar wasn't kind to his stomach. He fell a victim to indigestion. Doctors warned him to cut down on his eating, but he paid no heed. He kept on painting, making money, and stuffing himself.

One day, while he was working on a half-finished canvas, he doubled up with acute pain. An ambulance rushed him to a hospital, where his trouble was diagnosed as a malignant gastric ulcer. A few days later he died, and in his delirium he called upon the Fate that had made him a gourmand to let him go on living, because he wanted to paint and enjoy his success. But Fate couldn't, or wouldn't, save the genius who, in a way, dug his grave with his teeth.

School and Teacher — But Not One Pupil

HERE and there about the country the "little red schoolhouse" is more or less of a forgotten institution with only a handful of pupils in rooms that used to be crowded with boys and girls from September to June. In the rural sections there are many schools with not more than half a dozen students, and several classrooms boast only one or two youthful seekers after knowledge.

Out in Riverdale, Wisconsin, there's a school that has hit the lowest possible low. It has a young and capable teacher in Miss Irene Sedarski and no pupils at all—at least all the seats in her classroom were unteanted at the time this article was written.

Such a situation seems like the height of absurdity. If there are no pupils, why keep a school open? And why go to the expense of hiring a teacher if the community provides no boys and girls to whom she can impart reading, writing and arithmetic?

The explanation throws a little light on the situation. Riverdale has its youngsters of school age and, in the past, the Riverdale school has been a going concern. But not long ago a bigger and better school was built in nearby Berlin. The good people of Riverdale, believing that this newer and larger institution of learning has advantages which were not to be found in the local establishment, arranged to send their children there. One by one the pupils forsook

Miss Irene Sedarski, the Riverdale, Wisconsin, Teacher, Who Has No Pupils.

Miss Sedarski's school—some of them reluctantly—until only two seats were occupied when she rang the morning bell. Soon after the two pupils were reduced by half, and then one day there were no pupils at all. Every one of them had been transferred to Berlin.

It didn't seem fair to the teacher to pack her off and stop her modest salary. She had agreed to come for a certain length of time and her contract had not been fulfilled through no fault of hers. The town had made an appropriation for the teacher's pay and for keeping the school open. It couldn't very well go back on its obligation. So the school stayed open. The teacher put in her time. And Riverdale achieved the distinction of having the only pupil-less schoolhouse, with a teacher and all the "props" for learning, in these United States.

Miss Sedarski enjoys teaching school. She likes children. She'd rather have more youngsters than she could comfortably handle than hours and hours of time on her hands. As it is, she puts in a lot of her "working" time studying, so that she will be ready for action, if not in the Riverdale school, then somewhere else.

Nature's Own Art Studio

MR. ROLAND GREEN, the eminent British painter of wild birds, spends a lot of his time teaching others his art. He could, if he wanted to, maintain a comfortable studio in London and do a good enough job there with live ducks, geese and what-not—and stuffed members of these breeds—as models. But Mr. Green doesn't do any such thing. He has built a studio in the marshes along Hickling Broad, Norfolk, where the birds he paints, and teaches others to put on canvas, abound. No shooting is permitted in the neighborhood and the creatures are so tame and trusting that they sometimes swim right up to the easels at which the artists are working.

The photograph below shows Mr. Green and two of his pupils at work. The instructor wears hip boots but the young women, sensibly enough, have on their bathing suits. In their hands they are holding sketches that they made in another part of the marsh.

The Studio of Roland Green, Noted Bird Artist, Built on Piles Driven in the Marsh on Hickling Broad, Norfolk, England, Where Boots and Bathing Suits Are Necessary Parts of His Equipment.

Bright Clothing To Save Children's Lives

EXPERTS in Uncle Sam's busy Bureau of Home Economics have no intention of usurping the pleasant and profitable duties of the fashion creators, foreign and native, who tell fathers and mothers what's stylish for their youngsters to wear. But these hard-working public servants do say that little boys and girls, especially in the Winter when snow is on the ground, should be dressed in bright colors.

This advice has little to do with esthetics. It is given to protect the lives of youngsters who, despite all warnings, sometimes run into busy city streets or on rural highways, where they might be hit by passenger cars or trucks. In these days when motorists are killing off themselves and their fellow citizens at the rate of 36,000 a year, anything that can be done to cut down the appalling toll of life is worth trying.

A driver can see a child dressed in a red or a yellow suit much better than one wearing an outfit of gray, black, dark green, or maroon—and better "seeing" means fewer accidents.

There are no detailed statistics covering the situation, but it is known that more youngsters are struck by automobiles in years when the fashions in children's clothes run in dark and dull colors. In years when Winter outfits come in such bright pigments as red, yellow, orange, bright green and light blue, the number of fatalities and accidents to the younger generation is appreciably less.

If the fashion czars recognize a "hot tip," they will open their ears to the officials of the United States Bureau of Home Economics and sponsor outfits which are safer because they are brighter and more easily seen.

Right now, when operators of automobiles are being urged to drive more carefully, the move for brighter clothes seems especially timely.

ALTHOUGH only a few weeks old, the kitten shown in the photograph above, evidently had been warned by its mother to beware of mischievous pups. Inevitably, the pup came into the kitten's life, and Kitty has chosen a lofty perch, from which she regards her would-be tormentor with grave doubt. While the little cat would really like to get down and romp with the dog, her instinct prompts her that discretion is the better part of valor, and it looks like a deadlock. It was, for several hours, until the pup, thinking of dinner, reluctantly retreated.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

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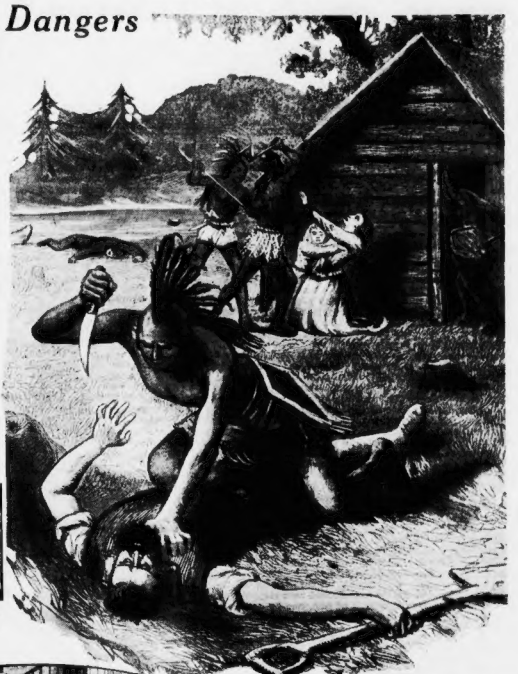
Doctors and Philanthropists Ruining the Race?

A Distinguished Educator Warns of Dangers in Coddling the Criminal and Preserving the Feeble-Minded and Weaklings That Nature Gets Rid of as Soon as She Can

Photograph of a Big, Healthy Seventeen-Year-Old Boy Who Has the Mind and Brain of a Child of Four and Will Never "Grow Up Mentally." Beside Him, a Little Four-Year-Old Who Can Beat His Schoolmate at Anything but Muscular Strength.

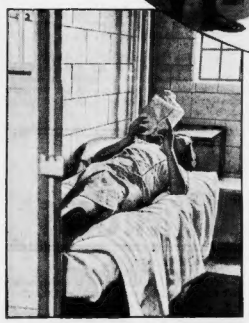
A Convict at Sing Sing Impersonating a Woman Burglar at One of Warden Lawes' Theatrical Performances at the Penitentiary, Designed to Cheer Up and Help Make Life Happy for the Choice Collection of Murderers, Burglars and Other Criminals Until the Kindly Parole Board Turns Them Loose Again.

Some Puritan Settlers Colonized Places Where Life Was Easy and Slaves Waited Upon Them, and This Absence of Hardship Resulted in the Steady Deterioration of the Stock of These Settlers.



It Is Pointed Out That the Hardships and the Almost Constant Strife With Hostile Indians Which Some of the Early Colonists of America Encountered Resulted in Survival Only of the Strongest and Best, and Laid the Foundations of a Sturdy People. Illustration From an Old Print Depicting an Indian Raid in Colonial Times.

Dr. Pinel at the Hospital of Salpetriere, Paris, Ordering the Shackles Struck Off the Insane. This Was the Beginning of the Modern, Humane Point of View, Which Has Grown to Sentimental Absurdities, Until Now Criminals Are Coddled and Petted and the Parole System Provides That Their Shackles Shall Be Struck Off and They Shall Be Turned Loose to Continue Preying on the Public.



One of the Matrons of the New $2,000,000 House of Detention for Women Criminals in New York City, Demonstrating How Inmates Enjoy Many of the Advantages of Club Life—No Bars and Pleasant Individual Rooms With Hot and Cold Water and Comfortable Beds.

"THE greatest sinners are probably the philanthropists and the doctors," said Rev. Dr. George Barton Cutten, President of Colgate University, recently. "They have done everything they could to preserve the unfit."

This startled many people because Dr. Cutten, besides being one of the country's leading educators, is a religious authority and an ordained minister of the gospel. It seemed to them that the physicians must be right because they were doing their best to obey Christ's orders to heal the sick. In the same way the philanthropists were helping the poor and all other forms of affliction.

But Dr. Cutten points out that the way these benevolences are actually carried out they are "begging the unfit to be more unfit and inviting the fit to join the ranks of the unfit."

There is no justification for supposing that the Saviour aimed at the survival of the unfit, the halt, the maimed, the blind and the half-wit, because one does not need to be a scientist to know what that would mean—any stockbreeder knows.

The danger is not in helping individuals here and there, as the Saviour did, to escape the fate Nature meant for them—healing a leper, a blind man, a woman with a hemorrhage, raising Lazarus from the dead or even trying these things on a wholesale, mass scale, as social legislation does at present, were it not for the effect on the next generation. The unfit seem invariably to respond to such unnatural bounty by a rapid increase of their own unfit kind.

Some of them may grow up physically fit, like the big, strapping, seventeen-year-old boy pictured above, but they will have minds inferior to that of a four-year-old, and will never grow up mentally.

When Dr. Pinel, over a hundred years ago, ordered the shackles struck off the insane at Salpetriere Hospital in Paris, it marked the beginning of the humane modern point of view in dealing with such unfortunates. However, that policy has been followed to such absurd lengths today that criminals as well as the afflicted are petted and coddled, many of them actually given the advantages of comfortable club life, as in New York's $2,000,000 House of Detention for women crooks. Here there are first-class beds in spotless individual rooms, no bars on the windows and hot and cold running water.

Few prisons for men have such luxuries, but at Sing Sing the convicts have leisure to follow the arts, enjoy theatrical productions of their own, and are kept nicely entertained until the time comes for the parole board to get around to pardoning them.

Nature's method, since the beginning of life, has been to let most of the worst defectives fail and die in the struggle before they are old enough to have offspring. If the mass of physical, mental and moral defectives are to be saved from their natural fate and nursed along to as old an age as possible something radically different must be substituted for the present irresponsible and unregulated marrying and giving in marriage of those Nature never meant to have grow up.

"Take the feeble-minded problem," says Dr. Cutten. "If we insist upon keeping our feeble-minded then our intelligence should dictate to us the necessity of sterilization in order that the race may be saved.

"Nature provides immunity to certain diseases by eliminating all those who contract the diseases. Now we have a protected race, rather than a resistant one. If anything happens to the protection, the race is doomed."

The question at once arises as to what can happen to this protection, which should become an ever-higher wall against the microbe, as medical science advances. This should be true, as long as nothing disturbs our present rather complicated scheme of things.

The catastrophe that would follow a major disturbance of our civilization can be seen from the results of small local upsets. Earthquakes and floods are quickly followed by outbreaks of typhoid and other diseases unless the army and Red Cross forces march in to impose the most vigorous measures of control.

The city of Quetta in India, was so badly shaken by a quake that the problem was too big for those forces to handle in the ordinary way. The British Government had to remove the survivors and throw a cordon of soldiers around the city of the dead, with orders to shoot anyone attempting to enter it for one year. By that time it is hoped that the deadly germs will have disappeared.

Worse than natural disasters would be a political upheaval, bringing national bankruptcy and chaos. Since the Russian Revolution, conditions have become so bad in Siberia that typhus fever is endemic, that is, now normally to be found all through the population, at all times. Curiously enough this neglect of its populace has worked to the military advantage of the Soviet Government because the Japanese are afraid to invade this pestilence-ridden country.

It has often been said that some people cannot stand prosperity. History indicates that the human race cannot stand it either. Yet it is what everyone is striving for and the striving is good for everyone. Dr. Cutten lists the great civilizations and shows that neither great individuals nor great races spring from the tropics where living is soft and easy. Perhaps his most impressive example is the two streams of Puritans which migrated to America. They were probably as much alike as two sets of guinea pigs, placed by scientists in different environments to test the effects.

One of them went to an island in the West Indies where surroundings were soft, balmy and generally favorable. Food grew the year round, most any sort of shelter or clothing was good enough. For them, life was easy—as depicted on this page in an old print of a comfortably dressed planter, waiting for a slave girl to pour him a glass of Jamaica rum. But this fortunate band of Puritans passed right off the page of history into oblivion.

The other band that landed on the bleak New England shore with its soil that yielded only reluctantly to much labor, its cold winters and Indians, so handy with a tomahawk, were faced with so many life-and-death problems that they were lucky to survive that first winter. Survival of the fittest worked overtime on them with the result that they became the intellectual leaders of the new country.

Just as they got New England so it was a comparatively safe and comfortable place, there came the revolution. After the British had been driven out, the victorious colonists found themselves about the most poverty-stricken lot of white persons on earth. European visitors thought this nation of near-paupers had little hope of survival. Instead, it was this general misery, where nobody was in a position to help anyone else, which laid the foundation for the great success of the United States.

They had no money and no credit to get any from Europe but they had plenty of trees. These they hewed not merely into ships but, desperation sharpening their wits, they built the best ships the world had ever known, the famous clippers. In these they outsailed everybody, finding strange markets like China and selling them strange gadgets contrived by Yankee ingenuity, proving once more that necessity is the mother of invention.

Poverty made Uncle Sam rich, the clipper ship was built of hardship. Had Nature and the Indian, instead of being so mean, coddled the Puritan he would have become fat, lazy, good-natured and waddled off the page of history.

Social welfare legislation is busily wiping out all these natural race preservers and improvers. Of this sort of legislation Dr. Cutten says:

"Nothing could threaten the race as seriously as this. Even such a measure as old-age insurance, which I am sure must touch the sympathies of everyone, especially if he has the intelligence to think the thing through, removes one of the points of pressure which has kept many persons up to the strife and struggle of life.

"The conditions in our present civilization have been so pressing that everyone until recently has been kept to his highest point of efficiency and the race has progressed. Our unparalleled amount of leisure that has suddenly come upon us may be the beginning of the end. The trouble with us is that we take the short view, instead of the long one. Nature looks through the experience of a million years; we look through the experience of a few minutes. Personally I prefer to trust Nature."

It is a fair question to ask who would want to live a dangerous life of hardship and poverty, sacrificing himself for the next generation, if that must, in turn, sacrifice itself for the next beyond. If leisure, luxury and protection from disease are fatal to the human race, it might as well commit suicide that way as any. Of course Dr. Cutten does not mean that humanity should forever pursue the healthy, wealthy life of ease but, like the dog chasing an electric rabbit, never quite catch up with it. He means that before the natural restraints are removed from man's environment in wholesale social experiments as at present, checks must be perfected so that man will not kill himself with his own kindness.

Triumphs of science are likely to be two-edged weapons. The unknown Chinese who invented gunpowder handed the world a priceless discovery for useful purposes. But for many bloody centuries man found no better employment for explosives than to kill more efficiently.

Dr. Alexis Carrel, famous biologist and Nobel Prize winner, recently expressed opinions similar to those of Dr. Cutten, declaring:

"Death has been the builder of civilization. The weak, the diseased, the fools, were not capable of resisting its attack directly, or of learning how to protect themselves against illness. Through natural selection, the strong and the intelligent persisted, and the great races developed. The success of our battle against death has almost suppressed natural selection. The weaklings have become artificially the equal of the strong. And civilized countries are encumbered with those who should be dead."

The present vogue for pitying and assisting everyone, including convicts, so encouraged the criminal classes that in the United States the murderers and bandits got entirely out of control.

The Lindbergh kidnaping and murder woke people up to what the crime-petters had done to them. Uncle Sam, himself, oiled up his gun and went after them in such a business-like manner that nearly all the "big-shots" of crime are either under the sod or in Federal prisons where soft-hearted parole boards cannot get them out.

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Altar-To-Cell Trip Had Happy Ending

PERHAPS there never has been a bridegroom who was not nervous at his wedding. But when Peter Lanning married Mary Ware the other day in London, the spectators told one another they never had seen such a dismal bridegroom.

As he shuffled out of the minister's study, pale and trembling, he looked more like a man headed for the scaffold than the altar. It was not a warm day, by any means, but beads of perspiration as big as tapioca had popped out on his forehead, and his stiff collar was already half wilted.

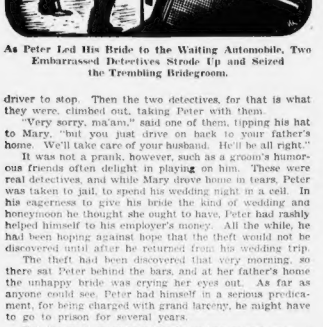
But much to the surprise of everyone, Peter navigated the short yet perilous distance from the door of the minister's study to the altar without running afoul of the carpet edge, the chancel rail or any of the decorations. However, after he got himself into place, his knees shook so badly it looked as if the ceremony might have to be delayed until the best man could find something with which to prop him up.

As a bridegroom, he was entitled to a certain amount of discomfort, but there really did not seem to be any reason why he should be all that nervous. A hard-working, small-salaried clerk in a real estate office, Peter had been most eager to make this wedding a huge success. Due to the low financial state of the bride's father, Peter had offered to pay for everything. He had hired the church, the choir and the automobiles. He had ordered the flowers, and engaged a large banquet hall and a catering staff.

On top of that, as Mary had exuberantly told everyone of her casual acquaintances, in the strictest confidence, Peter had bought first class railroad tickets for Brighton and reserved for the honeymoon the largest bridal suite in the most expensive hotel at the seaside resort.

So it seemed a bit odd that Peter should look as if he would like to duck and run, if he dared to. A bit odd that he would be quaking like an aspen as he walked out of the church with his bride, and that he received the shower of rice as if it had been shrapnel.

But the *next* innocent people realized that maybe Peter had a good reason after all for getting no pleasure out of this joyous occasion. As Peter led his wife toward a waiting automobile, two rueful, embarrassed men stepped from the crowd and firmly took hold of him, one by each arm. While the crowd wondered what it was all about, the two strangers got into the cab with the newlyweds. After the cab had gone several blocks, one of the strangers told the



As Peter Led His Bride to the Waiting Automobile, Two Embarrassed Detectives Strode Up and Seized the Trembling Bridegroom.

driver to stop. Then the two detectives, for that is what they were, climbed out, taking Peter with them.

"Very sorry, ma'am," said one of them, tipping his hat to Mary, "but you just drive on back to your father's home. We'll take care of your husband. He'll be all right."

It was not a prank, however, such as a groom's humorous friends often delight in playing on him. These were real detectives, and while Mary drove home in tears, Peter was taken to jail, to spend his wedding night in a cell. In his eagerness to give his bride the kind of wedding and honeymoon he thought she ought to have, Peter had rashly helped himself to his employer's money. All the while, he had been hoping against hope that the theft would not be discovered until after he returned from his wedding trip.

The theft had been discovered that very morning, so there sat Peter behind the bars, and at her father's home the unhappy bride was crying her eyes out. As far as anyone could see, Peter had himself in a serious predicament, for being charged with grand larceny, he might have to go to prison for several years.

But the next morning while Peter was eating oatmeal out of a cracked bowl and drinking coffee from a tin cup, a genial man with a bluff, hearty manner peered at him through the bars and said:

"Well, well, I wouldn't call that much of a wedding breakfast!"

Although he felt mighty downhearted, Peter managed to grin.

"My name is Brown," the stranger said. "John Brown, and I am the probation officer. I heard about your plight and I dropped around to see if there isn't something I can do for you. Now tell me, how much of that money have you spent, and what did you spend it on?"

Peter readily told the probation officer just what he had done with the money.

"After all," Mr. Brown said, "a young fellow doesn't get married every day. Besides, as everyone knows, a bridegroom is seldom in his right mind for some little time before his wedding. So if you will promise to leave other people's money alone after this, I'll see if I can't get you out of here."

Then Mr. Brown redeemed the railroad tickets, and got the owner of the banquet hall to return the money Peter had advanced for the reception and refreshments. With this, and what cash the young man had left, he went to the employer, gave him the money, and persuaded him to drop the charges against Peter. But perhaps the finest thing of all, so far as the bride and groom were concerned, was that Mr. Brown found Peter another job, so he and Mary could start housekeeping right away in their own little apartment. As Peter walked out of jail he shook Mr. Brown's hand and said:

"I don't know how to thank you—you've been just like a big brother to me."

"That's exactly what I am," Mr. Brown replied. "I'm founder of the Society of Big Brothers, and it's our job to take hold of young fellows like you who have made one mistake, and keep them from making any others."

Was Moses Unable To Read Or Write?

THERE was recently dug up in the ancient town of Lachish, in Palestine, a bowl believed to date from the time of Moses and which is marked with a series of signs resembling letters. As a result of this discovery, an old controversy over whether or not Moses could read and write has been revived, with two professors at Oxford University, in England, taking opposite sides of the question.

Professor Stephen H. Langdon, a foremost expert on ancient oriental languages, is convinced that this bowl is proof that the Israelites of the time of Moses already had a written language of their own, and that the Hebrew language of a later date is derived from this ancient alphabet, which was composed of characters such as those on the Lachish bowl.

These markings, he says, are archaic letters, similar to what is known as the "Sinaitic" script, which is now recognized as the oldest form of alphabet to have been used by Semitic people. The Sinaitic script gets its name from the fact that a number of inscriptions in this early Semitic or Phoenician writing have been found on rocks in the vicinity of Mt. Sinai, at which place the Bible records that Moses received the two tablets on which were engraved the Ten Commandments. But it is generally conceded that these inscriptions were written centuries after the time of Moses, and until the Lachish bowl was unearthed, no writings of this sort that could be dated anywhere near the Mosaic period had been discovered and translated.

As interpreted by Professor Langdon, the markings on the bowl read: "His righteousness is my hand and. . ."

The rest of the signs he has not been able to identify, but he points out that the part he has translated sounds very much like the wording of various passages in the Old Testament. He explains that the word for hand, as used here, probably means support, or help.

"The inscription on the Lachish bowl," he says, "employs the Babylonian word for hand, in precisely the same manner as Isaiah, thirty-third chapter and second verse, employs the Hebrew word for hand in the passage that reads, 'Be thou their arm.' The existence of a passage of this kind in Palestine at that time suggests a religious literature closely resembling the earliest Hebrew documents, and it proves that the Hebrews were able to write such documents in the Mosaic age. Obviously we have here the most important discovery of modern times in respect to Biblical criticism."

On the other hand, Dr. G. R. Driver, the other Oxford professor and a distinguished Bible student, contends that Professor Langdon is merely indulging his fancy, and that the signs on the Lachish bowl cannot be identified either as letters or anything else. Accordingly, he feels that there is still no reliable evidence that Moses really wrote the five Old Testament books that have been ascribed to him, and that, furthermore, there is no conclusive proof that Moses and his companions could read and write at all.

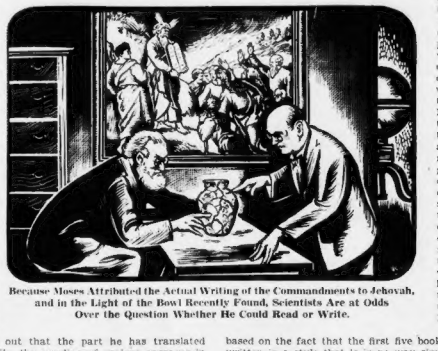
In tearing down the Langdon argument, he says that the professor's translation is based on a common Semitic noun with a Canaanite spelling, combined with a Phoenician pronoun and a Babylonian noun, and he adds that such a combination is a strain on credulity. As for attempting to explain the inscription himself, he adds that he refrains from doing so, since, as he sees it, there is hardly one letter that can be identified with any degree of certainty in the present state of the world's knowledge.

Some people find sufficient proof that Moses could read and write in the mere fact that the first five books of the Old Testament are called the Books of Moses, and others maintain that these five books contain certain passages that imply that Moses himself wrote them. Consider, for instance, the twenty-second verse of the fifth chapter of Deuteronomy, in which Moses says, when speaking of the Ten Commandments:

"These words the Lord spake. . . And He wrote them in two tablets of stone, and delivered them unto me."

If the words of the Bible are to be taken literally, as it is often contended that they should be, it follows that Moses must have been able to read these tablets, which were "written with the finger of God." It has been pointed out, in this connection, that it does not seem reasonable that the Ten Commandments, upon which ancient Hebrew law was based, should be put into written form unless Moses, the lawgiver, could read them. Then if he could read, he must have known how to write.

But a number of modern critics, who are opposed to a literal acceptance of the Old Testament, have argued that at the time Moses lived there was not in existence any written language except picture signs, such as the Egyptian and Babylonian hieroglyphics, and that there was not one man in 10,000, perhaps 100,000, who had any understanding of this difficult form of writing. During the years when Moses was under the care and protection of Pharaoh's daughter, he might have been given the type of education that was customarily reserved almost entirely for members of the priestly class, and thus he might have been taught to read and write Egyptian hieroglyphics, but they do not believe that this is at all likely.



Because Moses Attributed the Actual Writing of the Commandments to Jehovah, and in the Light of the Bowl Recently Found, Scientists Are at Odds Over the Question Whether He Could Read or Write.

This stand is based on the fact that the first five books of the Bible are written in a style that is in no way similar to the records in Egyptian hieroglyphics of the Mosaic age. If Moses had learned Egyptian writing while at Pharaoh's court, and if he did write the books attributed to him, then it would seem that they should show marked evidence of Egyptian influence. Scholars say they do not. Instead, these books are stamped with a striking poetic quality and a deep religious feeling that is utterly unlike anything to be found in Egyptian religion or literature, and this is taken as an indication that the material in them must have been handed down from generation to generation as songs, stories and rituals, long before it was ever written down.

It has also been pointed out that even though Moses spent his early years in Pharaoh's palace, and as a consequence doubtless received training that was not enjoyed by other Israelites of that age, he could scarcely be called an educated man, in the sense that word is used today. Moses was unquestionably one of the world's most outstanding leaders, a man of great wisdom and one of the most remarkable characters in history. But everything tends to show that he was a man of action, rather than a scholar, and that most of his life was spent in the wilderness, as head of roving tribes that were still a comparatively young race, and had not yet been solidified into a strong nation, or really begun to make appreciable progress toward the culture they were later to acquire.

Since the last chapter of Deuteronomy, the fifth book of Moses, tells of his own death and burial, it has been argued that he could not have written this book himself, and that if he did not write this one, it is equally unlikely that he wrote the other four that bear his name.

Festive 4-Ply Funeral Of The Hillman's Wives

A NEWS item printed in the Mountain Eagle, of Whitesburg, Kentucky, invited the people of the countryside to an unusual funeral. The item said:

"Readers should keep in mind that on the third Saturday and Sunday in this month, 19th and 20th, the funerals of the four deceased wives of J. C. Brown will be preached at the family cemetery on Dry Fork."

The word "four" was no misprint. The bodies of the four women, Esther, Mary, Louisa and Maggie, wives in turn of handsome John Brown, even then lay side by side in their four graves, awaiting proper ceremonies. The item might have added: "Martha, the fifth, and living wife of Brown, will act as hostess during the preaching."

For that is just what Martha did. She, and her friends and relatives, made elaborate preparations for the three-day funeral. They baked great fruit cakes and old-fashioned apple pies. They killed and dressed more than five hundred frying chickens, they peeled apples ready to fry, they washed and greased sweet potatoes for baking, and they gathered and shucked sweet young corn for boiling. Meantime, their men folks killed sheep and pigs for barbecuing.

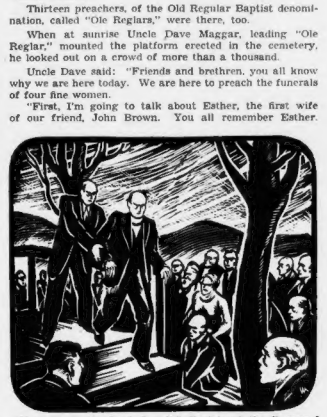
When the big day arrived, the enormous preparations were justified, for all the children of the four wives, and the children's children as well as friends and relatives came to the preaching. Many traveled from distant parts of the United States.

Thirteen preachers, of the Old Regular Baptist denomination, called "Ole Reglars," were there, too.

When at sunrise Uncle Dave Maggar, leading "Ole Reglar," mounted the platform erected in the cemetery, he looked out on a crowd of more than a thousand.

Uncle Dave said: "Friends and brethren, you all know why we are here today. We are here to preach the funerals of four fine women.

"First, I'm going to talk about Esther, the first wife of our friend, John Brown. You all remember Esther.



"Glory be to the Lord, I quit," Exclaimed the Reverend Uncle Dave, and Then He Stumbled, Exhausted, From the Cemetery Platform.

She was a mighty fine woman. She had four children. Praise the Lord!"

Uncle Dave felt in honor bound to preach until his voice and body were exhausted. His voice was hoarse and his light blue shirt darkened with sweat when he faltered, hours later:

"Glory be to the Lord, I quit," and stumbled down off the platform. Preacher Bill Scott was there to take his place, then came Cullen Hogg, Caleb Creech, Marion Blair, John Jenkins, G. Bennett Adams. Thirteen "Ole Reglars" preached to exhaustion during this four-ply funeral, which stretched out into a third day.

Through it all, tall, dignified John Brown, now 72 years old, played host. He spoke to a splendid-looking man of about 40, a man who resembled him, and said:

"Little Sammy, aren't you? No—Henry, of course, of course. Mary's child. How are things down your way, Henry?"

Henry is a prosperous business man in Nashville, Tenn. John Brown has fathered 19 children, ranging in age from Enoch Brown, who would be 52 if he were living, to little Bertha, age 10, still at home in her father's house. In between were Sam, Henry, Irvin, James, George Ole, Larkin, David, Ada, Nevada, Susanna, Henkel, Kenneth, Rita, and the triplets, who died as babies.

John Brown, moving about among the funeral guests, commanded respect. Tall, lean, fine-featured, he has a good farm and money in the bank. His aim with a rifle is sure. He pays his debts, takes good care of his successive families, asks no favors.

At the end of each day, the hospitable neighbors, as well as Martha and John, issued invitations for the evening meal.

"Everybody that will go home with me is welcome," a man would say and mean it. The small mountain houses expanded for guests, with meals eaten in relays—first table, second table—and with pallet beds spread about on the floors.

Martha fed from 30 to 40 persons daily, bedded 15 or more at night. She was gracious to John's children, many of whom she had not seen before. One guest at Martha's house inquired:

"Martha, if you was to die, do you think John would marry him another wife?"

Martha looked over at John and grinned, then answered good-naturedly:

"Lord, would he! My tracks wouldn't be rained out around this house before he'd have another woman in here. Ain't that right, John?"

Handsome John agreed:

"Well," he replied, "I will say I do like a woman around my place."

The three-day funeral resulted in two engagements among the young people who met there, the removal of one family to Cincinnati at the urging of a relative from that city, several black eyes, and innumerable recruits to the ranks of the "Ole Reglars."

The guests saw nothing strange in a ceremony commemorating four deceased wives. A mite unusual, perhaps, but it might happen in any family. It is a mountain custom to hold funerals long after a person's death and burial, if the delay will make it more convenient for relatives to attend. Roads are bad in the country districts outside Whitesburg, impassable in wet winter. If a person dies in winter, it is useless to expect relatives to come to the funeral. So the body is simply buried, without ceremony, and awaits seasonable weather for its just rites.

Advice To Stenographers On How To Hold Their Jobs

SOME interesting advice on how to hold their job was given to stenographers recently by Miss Jessie H. Sansom, office manager of a New York law firm. Speaking to an audience of successful business women, office managers and personnel directors, Miss Sansom listed some of the things that may make a girl's boss decide to look for another stenographer.

Ruby colored fingernails, a wardrobe of clashing colors, and a gossipy tongue were, according to Miss Sansom, three of the first things an ambitious stenographer should learn to do without.

"Red fingernails distract the dictator's thoughts because they are conspicuous," she said. "Wear a conservative dress and becoming make-up. Plan a becoming color scheme and stick to it. Don't wear a black hat, brown shoes and blue gloves. Every personnel director agrees that personal appearance goes 75 per cent of the way in securing a job.

"Length of service really has nothing to do with success in business—you must prove your ability every step of the way. Don't be a complainer. Don't be the last one in in the morning—most of the time it is those who are the last out at the close of the day, even though they may have entered the employ of the firm after the complainers, who advance to higher positions. And remember that office gossips do not get ahead very far either."

Other "don'ts" which Miss Sansom urged stenographers to observe were:

Placing notebook on desk—it's too intimate.

Looking around the room during the dictator's pauses. Neither should the stenographer eye the employer during the pauses (especially if she be good-looking). The stenographer should relax and be inconspicuous.

Using a pencil or pen that scratches.

Stenographers should not feel that any pause in the dictation calls for some comment from them so as not to let the conversation die.

Don't sneeze or shiver perceptibly.

"Dictating with attunement is like dancing with a perfect dancer," Miss Sansom concluded, lyrically. "The movement is one and the effort none."

Commenting upon Miss Sansom's remarks, Miss Charl Ormond Williams, president of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, took the opportunity to add some observations of her own.

"Stenographers who wear sleeveless and backless dresses to the office are probably my chief aversion," Miss Williams said. "When I work I like to work and I like to feel that my stenographer is working, too—not that we are having a tete-a-tete at the beach, or picnicking. Girls who dress for business as though it were a holiday in the country seem to me to show a fundamental lack of appreciation of the fitness of things which would not suggest intelligence of a high order along other lines.

"A good posture is an asset to a stenographer. Those who slump and are listless are more than likely to get on an employer's nerves. I had a stenographer once who used to nearly drive me mad by tucking one foot up under her—like a stork—every time she came in to take dictation.

"As to taking dictation, it seems to me that a good, really good, stenographer would automatically bring a pad and pencil with her every time she was called into her employer's office. As it is, many of them come in first to find out what's wanted, then go back to get their pads, then come in again. This wastes time and, if repeated often enough, becomes extremely annoying.

"And another thing—long, gossipy conversations over the phone. Sometimes, after listening to a few words of one of these, I feel like saying: 'Look, here, my dear, let's just let our stupid old business go hang. You ask your girl-friend up and we'll sit around and have a real heart-to-heart talk!' "

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Leg-Breaking Jinx of the Friday Radio Cast

Remarkable Series of Accidents That Have Crippled 10 Out of 15 Actors and Actresses in One Program, and Even When They Changed Their Studio the Villain Still Pursued Them

The Girl Who Died—Janet Lee, Who Succumbed to the Jinx Just Before the Night She Was to Make Her Star Broadcast.

Betty Worth, the Latest Victim of the Jinx, Who Broke Her Ankle Stumbling Over a Curb When on Her Way to the Radio Studio.

Bill Sweets, the Man in Bed, Is the Producer Who Broke His Leg When Getting Out of a Taxi Near the Studio. Chester Stratton, Who Was Hit by the Freight Train, Is Holding a Four-Leafed Clover Over Him; Fred Barron, Who Nearly Died From a Hemorrhage, Stands Behind, While Helen Spring, Who Fell in Her Bathtub and Injured Her Spine, Is Reminding Bill of the Coming Friday the 13th.

Florence Baker, Whose Legs Were Broken When She Tried to Avoid Hitting a Black Cat With Her Automobile, Also on Her Way to the Studio.

Chester Stratton, Who Was Hit by a Freight Train.

The Lady He Is Embracing Is Florence Baker.

How the Jinx Has Worked.

Florence Baker, leading lady, legs broken, Friday, April 12.

Helen Spring, actress, spine injured by falling in her bathtub on Friday, April 26.

Allyn Joslyn, actor, fell and broke leg on Friday, May 17.

Edward Lewis, publicity man, leg broken on Friday, May 24.

Fred Barron, actor, hit by microphone, hemorrhage, on Friday, July 26.

Chester Stratton, actor, shoulder broken in auto accident, on Friday, September 6.

Santos Ortegas, villain of cast, shoulder broken and cut, on Friday, September 6.

Janet Lee, female juvenile. Died suddenly when scheduled for star performance, Friday, September 13.

William Sweets, producer. Broke a leg on Friday, November 29.

Betty Worth, "bad girl" character. Broke her ankle on Friday, December 6.

PHOTO WILLIAM HAUSSLER

MISS BETTY WORTH, pretty radio actress, poised a neat ankle to step from an eight-inch curb and cross the street in front of New York's famous Radio City on the first Friday in December. For no apparent reason she suddenly lost her balance and fell. When passersby lifted her into the lobby of the huge broadcasting center, a doctor discovered that she had broken several bones of her ankle. The pain, while severe, was not what caused the young woman to faint. It was the psychological shock and the welling sense of fear.

"I'm Number Ten," she murmured, as they revived her. "It's that jinx again!"

Miss Worth was well known to the employes and officials of the National Broadcasting Company, and it was practically no time at all before the news of her accident had spread through the various departments.

"The Court of Human Relations jinx is loose again," the employes whispered, and that night, when the broadcast of that name went on the air, there was not one member of the company who wasn't a little pale. Betty Worth went through the story, propped in a wheel chair, and across from her, near the control room, where the engineer controls the volume of the actors' voices, sat the producer, William Sweets, in another invalid chair, one leg swathed in bandages.

Mr. Sweets, who originated the radio series, only the previous Friday had broken his leg while stepping out of a taxicab to race into the studio for just such a rehearsal as Miss Worth had attended before her accident. Mr. Sweets, temporarily out of bed for the broadcast, was eyeing five individuals of the cast, including the "judge" who sits weekly on the bench to hear the dramatization of human and domestic problems, after which he enjoins the radio audience to act as a jury and decide for the principals in the story what course they might take to smooth the wrinkles out of their lives.

Mr. Sweets was interested in those five people because they happened to be the only group of the cast who, since last April, had not run afoul of the jinx, in which every member of the ensemble firmly believes. He was wondering what would happen next.

The other performers, including Miss Worth, seemed a trifle more content, for each of them had met up with the evil genius, and had scars and newly-mended bones to prove it. Originally, the cast had numbered fifteen, because it had included Miss Janet Lee, a feminine juvenile, and one of radio's most noted beauties. Miss Lee, too, had met the jinx, but she suffered no scars nor broken bones. Miss Lee is dead. She died virtually on the eve of Friday, September 13, the date when she was to have portrayed her first big character part.

Miss Lee's death occurred during the first week of the Court of Human Relations contract with the National Broadcasting Company. Until that time, the weekly radio feature had been on the schedule of the Columbia Broadcasting System, and had staged its plays in the studios of WABC. But when seven encounters with the jinx had occurred with alarming regularity, the sponsors of the drama, while not exactly superstitious, believed that it would calm the growing fears of the actors if the feature were moved.

The cast was heartily in favor of any change that might give them a reprieve or escape from the hoodoo, and accordingly the "Court" was transferred over to the other network, and everybody began to breathe easier.

The contract with the Columbia chain started early in March, 1935. Everything went smoothly until the middle part of April. That is when the jinx first went to work. As its first victim it selected Miss Florence Baker, another of the beauties of radioland. Miss Baker had been visiting friends in Long Island. She had driven there in her car and was en route to a rehearsal at WABC on the afternoon of Friday, April 12, when a black cat seemed to materialize from nowhere.

Miss Baker swerved the car to avoid striking the animal. But she turned too violently and ran her motor into a pole. In the smashup she broke both legs. Police took her to a hospital, where splints were strapped on her after the bones were set, and she was then rushed to the studio for the broadcast. Like Miss Worth, she went through the performance, since she had no understudy, seated in a wheelchair.

Since this was the original mishap, not much interest was aroused, but two weeks later, on Friday, April 26, the cast, all ready to go on the air, gasped when two page boys wheeled in Miss Helen Spring, character actress. Miss Spring sat stiffly erect in the chair and went through the performance despite the obvious pain that it entailed. She explained that after rehearsal that afternoon she had been fatigued, had gone to her apartment intending to take a hot bath. In the tub she had slipped on a piece of soap and fallen, causing an injury to her spine.

It was then that William Sweets happened to remark, "Well, this looks like a jinx is on our trail."

But nearly a month went by without any untoward adventure. All seemed serene until Friday, May 17, when they were to portray a story featuring Allyn Joslyn, a famous character actor. It was nearing broadcasting time when somebody missed Joslyn. Exactly two minutes before air time, two men helped Joslyn into the studio. He was on crutches. One leg was broken, just as it had been fractured a month before in an auto accident. Joslyn's leg had been considerably weakened by the first fracture, so that he found walking up or down stairs to be difficult.

But on this evening, since he was in a hurry, he had tried to make time on the stairs and had fallen, breaking his leg all over again.

By this time all the actors began to show the strain. Many of them, holding true to the tradition of the theatre, began arrangements to get on some other program, or to leave radio entirely, but they didn't.

Before the end of the same month, Edward Lewis, the publicity man for the broadcasts, who is required to attend all performances, had been a spectator at a walking marathon in the northern suburbs of New York, and discovering that he would be late for the broadcast if he trusted to the subways, he hired a car and set out for the studio. As he stepped out of the machine to enter the radio building, the jinx must have been waiting, for Lewis fell headlong to the pavement—and, as seemed to be habitual by this time, he broke a leg.

Week after week the actors went on with their work, some of them making bets about who might be the next victim in this surprising series of accidents. But nothing much happened until July. Two members of the ensemble had minor accidents. One slipped on a wet sidewalk and another fell from a studio chair, but these mishaps were not serious enough to record.

During the last week in July, however, on Friday, the 26th, the hoodoo asserted itself again. This time Fred Barron, an actor, who was taking the part of a kindly old gentleman, was the casualty. Unlike the others, he did not meet the hoodoo outside the studio. Bad luck overtook him right at the microphone, and actually during a broadcast. Just as Mr. Barron was telling the errant daughter in the play that she would rue the day she left home, the microphone before which Mr. Barron was standing upset. It struck Mr. Barron squarely on the nose, just as he finished his line. He was seized with a hemorrhage and had to be taken to a hospital.

This was too much. From that point on the actors, men and women, became jittery. They began to experience sensations of dread or doom every time they entered the radio building. They minced their way into the studios for rehearsals, and they literally raced each other, when their work was done, to get out of the building. But August proved a kindly, uneventful month.

The jinx, like television, was only around the corner, and was waiting to deal a double blow. This time the hoodoo selected Santos Ortegas, the villain of the plays, and his friend and co-actor, Chester Stratton, a veteran of radio's dramatic departments.

The two of them were in Stratton's car, on the way to Mount Vernon, New York, just for a ride, September 6. They were heading for Riverside Drive, after their broadcast, at about 11, and to make a short cut Stratton drove the car across the railroad tracks on Eleventh Avenue. But they never got across. A freight engine smashed the car, threw both men out, and when they were taken to a hospital they discovered they would have to nurse broken shoulders, scratches, bruises and discolored features for several weeks.

This was, as the actors thought, the last straw. Something had to be done. The sponsors, the gentlemen who pay all the bills, figured the same way. If nothing was done, there just wouldn't be any cast. Those who didn't leave out of sheer panic, probably would be killed off.

And, as it turned out, the hoodoo was getting ready to kill.

But before its next blow, the sponsors made their decision. They cancelled their contract and moved the series over to the rival network in Radio City. The only spot they could buy, however, was a period available on Friday nights. That did not please the cast any too well, but everybody decided to take a second chance and hoped that the transfer of the program would ward off the evil genius that had elected to pursue it. Rehearsals are frequently held several times before a broadcast, and after the change of networks one was called four days before September 13—which, as has been noted, was a Friday 13. It was at this meeting of the performers that Miss Janet Lee was called into a conference.

"Miss Lee," the sponsors had said, "we are going to give you your big chance. We have planned to put you into a more important role beginning next Friday. Here are your lines and a synopsis of the story. Go home and study."

"But," objected Miss Lee, "you're not going to start me out on Friday, 13th?"

"We have already prepared the show," she was told. "We can't stay off the air just because of superstition."

Miss Lee nodded. She thanked the impresarios, took the scripts and went home to her apartment. There was a meeting of the producer's staff next morning. And as they were conferring, the telephone rang. William Sweets answered it.

As he set down the instrument his face paled. He looked sick. His associates rose from their seats.

"Janet Lee," murmured Sweets. "Miss Lee—she's dead. She died suddenly early this morning."

The jinx had, in the minds of the producers, accomplished its masterpiece.

Then the jinx rested until Friday, November 29, when Bill Sweets was stricken down, and a week later Betty Worth.

Those who have escaped thus far are Miss Lucille Wall, Tania Lebov, William Walker, Percy Hemus, who is the "judge," and Van Heflin, actor, who, with Florence Baker, the original casualty, curiously enough, pulled through the Friday, December 13, broadcast, without disaster.

But science says there is no evidence whatever that such a thing as a jinx exists, and the whole series of mishaps is simply extraordinary coincidence.

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The Husband Who Was Too Fast

by Alan Kemp

How a Very Susceptible and Slightly Ridiculous Middle-Aged Married Man Became a One Woman Man—and That Woman His Wife. Complete on This Page.

Sir Wentworth Had to Show Her That All Men Were Not Like That—That There Were Such Things as Sympathy, Loyalty and Chivalry. He Regarded It as a Sacred Duty.

"KNAPP-DIDDAMS?" said John Fruke, repeating the name Miss Cresson gave him. "Surely I've heard that name before?"

"Of course. Sir Wentworth Knapp-Diddams is Governor of the Cooch-Mumtal Presidency." Miss Cresson said it as if it was the kind of fact which every child learned at its mother's knee.

"Is he really?" said John, unimpressed. "Then I suppose I've seen his name in a fill-up paragraph in some paper or other. People with names like that are designed by an all-wise Providence for end-spaces of newspaper columns. And where the—where, as I said, is the Cooch-Mumtal Presidency?"

"It extends," said Miss Cresson evenly, "from the Jumbunna Range on the north to Putra Valley on the south. To the west it is bounded by the Gond Desert, and to the east by the Kajmarana Watershed. Its population, according to the last census, was ten million three hundred and eighty-seven thousand. After the siege of Rumaundra in 1858, Sir Grant Lockerby, of Lockerby's Horse—"

"That will do," said John Fruke sternly. "Efficiency may be carried too far, Miss Cresson. You looked it up in the 'Encyclopaedia Britannica' before you came in—I know you. I gather that Sir Wentworth Knapp-Diddams is a Proconsul somewhere east of Suez?"

"If you prefer it," said Ruth Cresson, with a suggestion of sulks.

"And Lady Knapp-Diddams?"

"Injured—distinctly injured. And a little hostile. Youngish, and quite attractive. Shouldn't be surprised if she were the jealous type."

"Wives east of Suez often are. They say there are reasons. Well, let's hear her troubles."

Lady Knapp-Diddams was less diffident in manner than most of John Fruke's clients, and seemed quite at her ease as she settled herself in an easy chair and gazed round the office with an appraising glance. John agreed instantly with Miss Cresson's description—"attractive." The husband who gave this elegant wife much cause for jealousy must, John concluded, have defective eyesight.

She took the lead. "Hum," she said critically. "You make yourself very comfortable here. Must do rather well out of this queer business of yours."

John was not to be put off by the unusual opening. "Well," he said, with a laugh, "the clientele is large. There are always a lot of marriages that want straightening."

"You mean," she said, "that there are always a lot of men that want straightening."

"Shall we say human beings?" John gently amended.

"Oh, very well," she agreed indifferently; "both sexes, if you like. But if some women are cats, all men are dogs."

"Well, now, speaking as cat to dog," grinned John, "what has led you to that severe view of human nature?"

"I suppose that's my case," she said, with an answering smile. "All right, I'll tell you everything."

"Good!" John encouraged her.

"I may say that I shouldn't have come here if I hadn't known something about you. Barbara Colegate told me how well you managed her little affair." (John murmured polite acknowledgments). "But that was comparatively simple. Mine is a difficult case. In fact, I warn you it's almost hopeless."

"Quite a number of people tell me that," John put in.

"Ah, but I'm going to ask you to change the whole of masculine nature."

"The only taller order I can imagine is to change the whole of feminine nature."

"You may joke about it," said Lady Knapp-Diddams coldly, "but has it ever struck you that man is essentially polygamous by nature?"

"It has struck not only me," John replied, "but scores and scores of philosophers and scientists and all sorts of nuts."

"Has it?" she answered carelessly. "Well, I haven't read them—I'm only speaking from my own observation. Now the trouble with my husband is not that he isn't fond of me—I believe he is, in his way—but he's fond of every single woman he meets."

"Only single ones? Then it's not as bad as it might be," murmured John.

"If you won't take me seriously," began Lady Knapp-Diddams haughtily.

"No—please," said John hastily. "Believe me, it's not an uncommon complaint."

"Exactly what I said!" she said. "Men are like that. My husband is like that. A woman has only to open her eyes at him and he's mesmerized. Well, it becomes a little tedious. Naturally, you think I'm the ordinary type of jealous wife. You think it's all imagination. Don't you?"

John studied her for a moment, and then made up his mind. "No," he said. "I don't."

She was pleased. "Good!" she said. "Now we can get on. I'm not saying, you know, that he's terribly bad and wicked and naughty. But I get so sick of being one of a crowd. He's never flirting with less than three women at once. Simply can't resist them."

"Eyes all over the place in any room full of women?" suggested John.

"You've got him exactly. I never make scenes—I hate them. But I'm sick of it."

"Have you tried any steps?"

"I tried the old dodge of playing his own game—running about with other men, and nearly killing myself with everlasting theatres and night clubs. It was a complete failure. He hardly noticed it, and it only gave him more freedom for 'sparking about' himself. Whoever invented that dodge was a fool."

"I agree," said John. "It's never recommended in this office. But there are other remedies. Let me see," he reflected, "how long are you in England?"

"I'm staying for three months longer," she said, "but my husband is returning by the next mail. Yes," she added, in answer to John's questioning look, "I really felt a little separation was necessary. Those females at Simla last hot weather were too much for me. Besides, I wanted to see."

"I don't quite follow?"

There was some bitterness in Lady Knapp-Diddams' tone. "I mentioned casually that I might stay in England a little longer. He didn't press me to go out with him."

John spoke with decision. "Lady Knapp-Diddams," he said, "the thing is simplicity itself. I will undertake that in less than a month you will get an urgent cable begging you to go out, and that when you get there you will find things very different."

"Oh, you are very confident," she said listlessly, as she rose to go; "but, if you can change male nature from polygamous to monogamous, you are a wizard, not a mere Orthogamist."

"No, I'm just a male myself," said Jo'hn.

"That may account for almost anything," was Lady Knapp-Diddams' Parthian shot.

* * *

Sir Wentworth Knapp-Diddams had never missed a meal in any ship in his life. He loved a gale. He loved the jovial life of the smoking-room. He loved the sports, especially the more jocular ones, and was a record-holder in the egg-in-spoon race. He loved collecting money for the sweep on the run. He loved the concerts and the fancy-dress balls. And he loved his neighbor as himself. If in the fastness of Cooch-Mumtal he was a name to conjure with, on a P. and O. liner he was just a man among men—and women.

He was not one of those who rush from London in a boat express, and regret that the railway is not continued from Marseilles to Bombay. He got on at Tilbury Docks and settled down to enjoy himself deriding the alleged terrors of the Bay. And he had not passed Ushant before he was on easy terms with such other passengers as were of his way of thinking.

It was, indeed, as they watched the winking Ushant light that he and Mrs. Cranstone discovered that magic bond of sympathy which sometimes springs up so suddenly between a man and a woman, on the deck of a steamer, oft in the silly night.

"It's strange," murmured Mrs. Cranstone dreamily, "I've only known you a few hours, and yet I feel as if I could open my heart to you."

Sir Wentworth opened it. He had the latch-key. It was not the first he had had in his time. Inside Mrs. Cranstone's heart he found a great deal; she kept nothing hidden away behind curtains. Steamers traveling eastwards are full of spouseless spouses, and Mrs. Cranstone was one of a large class. She was going back to a brute, and she shuddered at the thought of it. Not one of your violent brutes—one who left bruises on the soul, not on the skin. Neglect, mean suspicion, cold, sneering hostility. Their life in the remote village, where they could never get away from each other, was hell. And she could have been, as she herself said, "such a wife" to the right man.

Starved! That was the word which occurred to the quick, sympathetic mind of Sir Wentworth Knapp-Diddams. This rich, responsive nature only needing a little affection, and starved—! Well, it was time she had a little nourishment. She opened with light refreshment; began to pick up wonderfully, and by Gibraltar was equal to a square meal. Soon, in fact, like Sir Wentworth himself, she never missed one. Her comforter was a man of large sympathy, and the compassion he felt for her left a trifle over for Miss Martenson. She was an pathetic figure, was Miss Martenson—so attractive and yet so silent; quite friendly when approached, yet so aloof, never making any advances; something so wistful in her appearance as she sat for hours together, staring at the water. All the men admired her at first; then, finding they could make no progress with her, began to be unkind about her. Their comments moved Sir Wentworth to wrath; for once, observing her furtively as she sat in her usual abstraction, he had seen a tear roll down her cheek. All the manhood in him was deeply stirred. If none of the other men could get on with her, he had no difficulty at all. She always gave him a welcoming smile, and shyly invited him to sit beside her. He did so during several days when Mrs. Cranstone was not visible, adverse weather conditions having added sorrows of the body to sorrows of the soul.

Miss Martenson's story came out bit by bit, and it was enough to rack sympathies less susceptible than those of Sir Wentworth Knapp-Diddams. She was twenty-two. Both her father and mother had been killed during an air raid, and she herself received such a shock that she had never quite recovered from it. Most of the little pittance of money which had come to her disappeared with the disappeared to South America with a defaulting trustee. She was training with the poor remainder, at the Royal College of Music, when she broke two fingers in the collapse of a deck-chair; they had "set stiff" through medical bungling, and she could never again get the necessary technique for a professional. Then she became engaged; the day before the wedding, her man was killed by a taxi. It was an appalling succession of tragedies. With no money and no prospects, there was nothing for her to do but respond to the grudging offer of her only brother—a black sheep with a dreadful wife—to go and live with them ("on them, he implied," she said bitterly) in Calcutta.

"Oh, Wentworth," She Said, With Tears in Her Eyes, "how can I forgive myself? I was going to let you go! How could I be so foolish? You had hardly left me when I realized how impossible it was. Of course I will come with you, darling!"

"He is the only relation I have in the world," she said. "As for friends, I don't think I have a single one."

"There," said Sir Wentworth warmly, "you're mistaken, Leila. You have one friend, at least, always. Always, my dear. Never forget that—wherever you are, whatever you're doing, there is one friend you can count on."

"I believe that, Wer tworth," she said, with deep emotion. "I don't know why I tell you all this, but, somehow, from the first moment you spoke to me, I felt you were different from anybody else I'd ever known."

"I wouldn't go quite as far as that, I just want you, whenever you're feeling down, to come to me and see if I can help."

"Oh, you can, you can!' she cried. And he did. Whenever he wasn't helping Mrs. Cranstone. If you are an all-round helper, you have to divide your time with some care. It required all his tact, but he managed to distribute comfort judiciously. Two starved souls began to fill out remarkably.

Then, at Marseilles, Mrs. Humberleigh came aboard. From the first moment he saw her sad, dark oval face, with its exquisite appealing eyes, Sir Wentworth Knapp-Diddams' expert eyes detected in her the signs of chronic starvation. Hers was one of the most serious cases of malnutrition it would be possible to find. Literally, she was running back to her mother, the Colonel's wife. The dashing Humberleigh had been on a brief visit to India, and in the romantic associations of the Byculla Ball at Bombay had taken by storm the heart of the Colonel's daughter. Then he had disappeared as rapidly as he had come; she had gone to England to marry him. A year of it and—she was running back to mother. Cards, women and wine: blows—even, possibly, crime. Yes, she had a strong suspicion of bigamy; any moment the evidence might be provided.

She Was a Pathetic Figure, Was Miss Martenson—So Attractive and Yet so Silent; Quite Friendly When Approached, Yet so Aloof, Never Making Any Advance.

Life had been too much for Mrs. Humberleigh. What that Sir Wentworth Knapp-Diddams most was that she had completely lost her faith in men. She was terribly bitter about them. Sir Wentworth simply had to show her that all men were not like that—that there were such things as kindness, sympathy, affection, and chivalry. He regarded it as a sacred duty.

As the days went on, Mrs. Humberleigh seemed to be almost convinced. Altogether, between London and Bombay, Sir Wentworth Knapp-Diddams did more to revive drooping flowers than most men achieve in a lifetime.

* * * *

With Bombay in sight, he realized that parting was going to be difficult. But there was no parting: certain tender, memorable things were said, but they were not, as you will see, partings. For he had hardly reached his room in the Taj Mahal Hotel when an urgent message summoned him to meet Mrs. Cranstone. He took her to tea at the Yacht Club.

"Oh, Wentworth," she said, with tears in her eyes, "how can I forgive myself? I was going to let you go! How could I be so foolish? You had hardly left me when I realized how impossible it was. Of course I will come with you, darling! How could I ever go back to that brute? We must take the step! How? When, my own?"

"Dearest," said Sir Wentworth, very pale, "let's meet here tomorrow at one. Then we can decide."

"Take the step," he muttered, as he swallowed a stiff drink at the hotel. "Did I ever ask her to take any damned step?"

A letter was waiting for him. He opened it with trembling fingers as he saw it was from Leila Martenson. It read: "Yes, Wentworth darling, you were right. I realize, now that we are separated, even for a few hours. We mustn't be separated—can't be! I can't face it—how can I go and live that appalling life? I give in. You have conquered. I'm ready to take the step whenever you like."

"Give in?" cried the harassed comforter. "Conquered? Did I ever ask her to take any blasted step?"

"Sahib is required for telephone," the porter informed him.

He picked up the receiver, and nearly dashed it against the wall when he heard Mrs. Humberleigh's voice. "Wentworth dear," it said, "such splendid news! There was a cable waiting for me. He's been arrested for bigamy. I'm free! Isn't it too wonderful?"

"Marvelous!" screamed Sir Wentworth Knapp-Diddams.

"And, darling, listen"—there was a long pause—"you were quite right. It's useless to resist it. We'll have to——"

"Take the step?" shouted Sir Wentworth.

"Yes. How did you guess?"

"Oh, I just guessed. My beloved, meet me at the Yacht Club tomorrow at one. Then we can decide. Terribly busy now." He dropped the instrument. "Chuprassi!" he shouted.

"There is a train for Cooch-Mumtal in fifteen minutes, Huzoor," said the chuprassi instantly; "the compartment is reserved, and the luggage is now waiting in a taxi."

"My God!" cried the Proconsul. "How did you know?"

And the chuprassi used the respectful Hindustani equivalent for "Oh, I just guessed."

Twenty-four hours later Lady Knapp-Diddams received a cable: "Join me at once—urgent." He clings to her now as the ivy to the oak.

* * * *

"Well, Mrs. Cranstone," grinned John Fruke at Miss Cresson, "how did you enjoy your trip to India?"

"Very much, thank you; although," she smiled reflectively, "Sir Wentworth Knapp-Diddams certainly needs some managing."

"Do you know," said John, still grinning, "I think he must have enjoyed the voyage? I'd rather like a trip to India myself some day."

"Anything else?" asked Miss Cresson coldly.

"Yes—just see that Miss Martenson and Mrs. Humberleigh—I mean, Miss Hamish and Miss Dummett—receive their checks. And—oh, yes. Just make a note in the Trade Secrets Book, will you? Love is the heaven of a privilege and the hell of a responsibility."

THE END.

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Unexpected Finish of the Kentucky Derby by Winner's Triumph

How "Lady Luck" Presented the Popular Jockey With the Racing Season's Greatest Honor, Then Proved Her Fickleness by Running Him Into a Murder Charge

Jockey Saunders at the Moment of His Greatest Triumph, Listening to the Cheers of the Racetrack Crowds After Winning the Derby.

The Intelligent Head of "Omaha," Whom Jockey Saunders Rode to Victory in the Kentucky Derby, the Belmont and the Preakness.

Saunders Smiles as a Charge of Complicity in Murder Is Placed Against Him.

A Photograph of the Horses Nearing the Finish of the Derby With "Omaha" Leading.

Mrs. Evelyn Slivinsky, Who Was Killed.

Mrs. Agatha Mackison, Mrs. Slivinsky's Companion on the Fatal Ride.

"LADY LUCK is with me," said a cocky little bantam of a youth as with flashy clothes and a big roll of money he swaggered up to the entrance of Howard's Bar and Dance Hall, in Louisville, Kentucky.

"Yeah?" answered Clancy, the hard-boiled doorman. "Well I don't see her and you guys can't get in here without women."

Clancy was dreadfully right. Luck which had been smiling fondly all season on Jockey Willie "Smoky" Saunders, had that very moment deserted the twenty-year-old hero of the race tracks and her place had been taken by the equally invisible Death. But how could Saunders know? That very afternoon he had been lucky indeed to bring in Hollyrood, second to Grand Slam in the Kentucky Jockey Club Stakes at Churchill Downs.

Before that he had won the great Kentucky Derby, the Belmont Stakes and the Preakness Stakes, riding "Omaha," an honor that even death could not take from him.

But death could and, before the night was over, would considerably tarnish that honor by involving him in what the authorities declare to be one of the most brutal killings that has ever befallen a woman in that State. Yet there he was out to celebrate his luck, and like many a reveler, little dreaming what was just around the corner.

Anyone connected with horse racing knows luck is fickle, and if it had been Friday, the thirteenth, Saunders might not have been so confident. But this was Saturday, October 19. So he flashed that impressive roll, like a talisman under the doorman's nose. It seemed to give Clancy an idea.

"Hey, Aggie!" he called to a pony-sized brunette just about the right height for the little jockey. "How would you like to dance with this boy?"

It was Mrs. Agatha Mackison, pretty young matron who still possessed a husband and home but had left them because Mr. Mackison had been unable to provide her with much of this sort of night life. Now all she had to do was present herself at one of these places and, with a little luck, some man would spend on her the time and money her husband could not.

Aggie looked at Saunders and his equally jaunty young companion and accepted, thinking it was an unusually lucky evening. Saunders introduced himself as "Jimmie Smith," she said later, and his companion as "just Tommy." In reality he was Walter J. Schaeffer, exercise boy of the Hal Price Headley stables for whom Saunders had ridden Hollyrood that afternoon.

A technicality of the laws on assignation makes it wrong for a man to "pick up" a woman inside one of these resorts, but if he picks her up outside the door and enters with her that is quite all right. Therefore it was not quite right, perhaps, that inside the place they added to the party another stranger, Mrs. Evelyn Slivinsky, but Evelyn paid for that irregularity with her life.

This woman also was a wife with home and husband, Paul Slivinsky, who runs a small tailoring business. He is 36, a dozen years older than his pretty wife and, like Mr. Mackison, had found it impossible to drink and dance all night and attend to business the next day. She had not left him yet, but he knew that he had to choose between his wife and his business because if he lost his business he would surely lose her also.

Aggie told the police later that they only had a few beers at Howard's, after which the boys in their car took them for a few more beers and dances at the Venezia Gardens. Not till they reached the Cotton Club did they settle down to "serious drinking." There, Aggie says, they had thirteen gin bucks. One does not need to be superstitious to have a premonition that thirteen drinks containing gin, on top of several glasses of beer, is likely to be followed by bad luck.

Mrs. Mackison says she realized this and threw most of her gin bucks under the table, while Evelyn proceeded to drink herself sick, and the two men got themselves into a condition which, from their actions, indicated that they were far from happy, though they both declare they were not drunk. The least uncomfortable of the four was evidently Aggie. But what delight she found in throwing under the table expensive drinks bought for her, is hard to explain. Yet these women, like others, were throwing away home, husband and security for this sort of "good time." No wonder night club customers are called "suckers."

Finally, at a late hour, someone had the sense to suggest getting out of the place for some fresh air. The unlucky thirteen rounds were paid for and the quartet proceeded out in the night toward the car. Before reaching it, Agatha says, Evelyn somehow displeased "Jimmie," who showed it by a punch in the jaw, so hard that it knocked her out and she fell with her body on the sidewalk, all except her head, which lay in the gutter. "Jimmie" says she just fell.

Women who go in for that sort of "gayety" are not sticklers for manners nor do they expect much respect for their sex, but there are still some standards of propriety left and Aggie says she remarked:

"That's a nice way to treat her! She's about two-thirds drunk anyway and you knock her down."

The two young gentlemen presumably saw some justice in her comment because, at least, they did not knock her down also. They even assisted Evelyn to her feet when she returned to consciousness. One might imagine that a woman who had been knocked down by her escort would put an end to the party by calling a taxi, if she didn't call a policeman.

Agatha says that she no longer liked the idea of going for a ride with these irresponsible strangers, but when Evelyn insisted, she agreed. It happened that Aggie sat in the front seat with Tommy, who drove. Hardly had they gotten started than she heard the man and the woman arguing in the back seat.

"What are you trying to do?" asked the jockey.

"Get the door open," answered Evelyn.

"What do you want to do that for?"

"Because I am going to be sick."

"Aw, you're crazy."

Evelyn's answer to that last assertion was to make a well-known sound associated with seasickness. "Jimmie's" voice then arose in angry protest.

"Now look at what you've done. You get out of here. Hey! Stop the car."

"Tommy," at the wheel, obeyed and when the car had stopped Aggie says that the man in the rear seat ordered her to look straight ahead, which she did. Presently she heard a rear door open and Evelyn's voice saying with slow solemnity:

"You asked me to get in and I got in. You ask me to get out and I'll get out."

The next thing Aggie saw was the apparition of Evelyn staggering past the front of the car brightly illuminated by the lights. Just at that instant "Tommy" let in the clutch suddenly, the car lurched forward, and, Aggie Mackison declares, they ran over her. There was no scream or bump, making the thing seem unreal—like running over a ghost. Off went the car a mile or two along River Road, then according to Agatha, they turned around and drove back at between 50 and 60 miles an hour. The figure of a woman lay in the middle of the road and to her dismay they dashed straight at it.

This time she felt a distinct double bump as both wheels passed over the form and she screamed.

"What's the matter with you?" she says the driver asked. "We hit something, maybe a cat."

"After that," she told the police, "we drove around for a while. Then they stopped and got out to inspect the car. I think they wiped the wheels. Then we started again. 'Jimmie' said, 'Step on it. I think the law is after us.'

"They took me home, and as I alighted from the car they said: 'Just remember this—you ain't seen nothing; you ain't heard nothing; you don't know nothing, and you're lucky you're alive.'"

The men deny this.

Aggie was afraid, but next day she talked with her brother, who made her tell her story to the police. Of course, "Jimmie Smith" and "Tommy" did not help identify the men, but their size, description and a few remarks the woman remembered, suggested jockeys. From a local newspaper office the police obtained photographs by which Aggie was able to identify Saunders.

Meanwhile Evelyn's body, still warm but so mutilated and crushed that the coroner said it was the worst he had seen since he had taken office, was found by Philip H. Scholtz, former high school football star, as he was escorting Miss Mary Ann Weir, Louisville socialite, to her home. Nearby they picked up what proved to be Saunders' hat. The next afternoon her husband identified his giddy wife's remains at the undertaker's. Paul said sadly:

"I suspected Evelyn wanted to go out so I went to a movie and later played cards until about 4 o'clock Sunday morning. When I got home she wasn't there. I worried a while and then fell asleep. When I woke up that afternoon and she hadn't returned I decided she must have gone to Owensboro. Later I read in newspapers about a woman's body being found. The description fitted Evelyn. I went to the funeral home and found her body terribly torn." What can a man do when a woman gets that way?"

It is curious how luck flirted with Evelyn and her husband that day, as if to give her a chance to escape her fate. Paul is not much interested in horse racing. But because a customer handed him a free pass to the races that afternoon, he went anyhow. Making a few small bets, including a loss on Hollyrood, he came home five dollars ahead. It was Saturday, he could sleep all day Sunday and here was a small windfall. So he invited Evelyn to step out with him that night and spend it. The young woman looked at the five dollar bill and almost laughed in his face as she declined.

That was a joke. What would five dollars get two people on a Saturday night? She was quite sure that she could go out without a cent and find a "live wire" who would spend ten times that much. So this "party-wife" left this serious-minded husband who thought five dollars enough to throw away in one evening and, just as she had hoped, found a "live wire"—also she got what people often get from fooling with a live wire.

The jig was up for Saunders and Schaeffer the moment Aggie put her finger on the jockey's picture. No blood was found on the death car and both men denied that it ran over Evelyn. Schaeffer explained that he would have taken the girl home after they left the Cotton Club, but he thought she ought to sober off a while first. After she became sick it was her idea, not his, to get out of the car and they left her standing at the roadside.

On their way back, Saunders says he felt the car run over something, but from the back seat did not see what it was. Saunders, who is twenty years old, agrees with his friend that they left the girl standing at the roadside. According to his version, on the way back they did see a woman, probably Evelyn, sprawled in the middle of the road. Instead of running over her, Schaeffer says that he had to steer the car off the road entirely and thus hit a rock. This, he says, caused Saunders, in the back seat, to say that he had hit something and for him to answer: "Yeah, we hit a rock."

Asked why he did not go back and help the woman anyway, he replied that he was slowing up to do that very thing when he saw that another car had stopped and thought it would save a lot of trouble if they all kept out of it.

They are in trouble enough now with Schaeffer indicted on the charge of murder and Saunders as an accessory. The indictments are the first in that part of the country in which an automobile has been classed as a deadly weapon.

While the body was being identified, Jockey Saunders was en route to the Laurel race course in Maryland, and Schaeffer was leaving Churchill Downs with a shipment of horses going to the same track.

They were not disturbed on their journeys, as it was not until the following morning that police had the slightest inkling of who was responsible for the killing. The only clue they had was a man's hat with a Pasadena, California, hat shop name on the band. Then Aggie identified Saunders' picture.

With something definite now to work on, police sought Saunders and found he was in Baltimore, ready to ride a Headley mount at Laurel. He returned to answer the charges.

"Lady Luck sure gave me the works that night," said Saunders, ruefully. "There I was at twenty with everything coming my way. So I go out to celebrate my luck and it turns into a nightmare, with that woman getting herself killed in the road and somehow having my hat with her."

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Lady Edmee Owen's Startling Experien

"YOU have no head; but a great heart," remarked the French judge to Lady Edmee Owen during her trial in Paris for shooting four bullets from her pistol into Madame Gastaud. Lady Owen had given herself soul and body to Dr. Gastaud, distinguished French physician, in whose sanitarium she had been taking treatment to reduce her weight. But when Lady Owen demanded that Dr. Gastaud divorce his wife and marry her, he refused and told her their romance must end.

Her Ladyship loaded her automatic, called at Dr. Gastaud's home, was prevented from entering by the doctor's assistant and the commotion brought Madame Gastaud to the door, who said:

"So you are Lady Owen! Well, I have something to say to you."

Lady Owen replied with the bullets which wounded but did not kill her victim. Edmee was sentenced to five years' imprisonment but with her wealth and influence secured a pardon after serving a little more than half the time. She was the attractive young widow of Sir Theodore Owen, a rich English rubber planter, much older than herself, who left her his fortune in addition to the $1,000,000 worth of jewelry he had bestowed on her.

During those years in prison Lady Owen's "great heart" was stirred by the misery of her women companions behind the bars and her many kindnesses to them were appreciated by their friends, relatives and sweethearts of the criminal world of Paris. Lady Owen relates in these pages the strange circumstances of her welcome to the Underworld and describes her fantastic initiation into their secrets in an underground Apache den and also narrates many extraordinary experiences among her cutthroat acquaintances in their criminal resorts. She says:

"From that moment, wherever I went, I was safe with them. There is no den of the Underworld in Paris where I am not an equal. I am—if I wish it—one of them, inviolate. I am safer with them in Paris today in their strange haunts than I am in any great hotel of Europe."

Probably no other woman of wealth and title anywhere in the world can boast this sinister honor.

The Library at St. Lazare Prison for Women, Paris, Where Lady Owen Was Librarian for Several Weeks.

Lady Edmee Owen in the Dress She Wore When Presented at Court in England.

"Giuseppe waved back his friends. "
standing on them to leave the fighters the
"'I will see fair play,' he said, drawing
had to borrow a knife. A dozen were at on
the novice; the one inspired by lust and m

By LADY EDMEE OWEN.

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(Continued from Last Sunday)

I HAVE told of the welcome given me by the strange creatures of the Paris Underworld after serving my years of imprisonment among their friends, relatives and sweethearts who were unlucky enough to be behind the prison bars. The night in that cellar den and my initiation into the secret clan of cutthroats I can never forget.

A week later I again visited that gathering place of picturesque criminals, the Coq Bleu. Once again my friends begged me not to go. It was asking for trouble. I was being all kinds of a fool. I did not know these people. I was taking my life in my hands.

And what, I asked, had happened to me so far?

Ah, but they were only waiting! They were lulling me into a sense of false security, only to bide their time before plucking the bird.

"Then I will wait to be plucked," I told them.

They have given it up now. I think some of my fashionable friends had at last realized that I was not quite the same woman whom they had known three years ago, and that I recognized the same round of futile pleasure-hunting for what it really was.

Perhaps it was that strange bond of suffering and experience that I found in common with these friends in the Underworld which made me find the others lacking. Perhaps my life in prison and the events which had led up to it had given me an understanding and an appreciation of the reality which is to be found in the characters of all who have suffered and lived, and which in those of us who have themselves suffered calls for an answering understanding and sympathy.

It was not that I had ceased to care for my old friends, or that I found any lack of affection and sympathy in them. To a certain extent, perhaps I had forgotten how to enjoy myself as they enjoyed. But, more than that, I longed for the company of people who would not just commiserate in a kind of detached and negative way; as one would say: "Never mind, Edmee, that is all behind you now, you must forget."

On my first visit to my new friends of the Underworld after being accepted as one of them I was left very much to myself. It was as though they said to me: "You may come and go here with us, but we shall no longer question your comings or your goings."

The women are as retiring as the men. In fact, paradoxically, one gets a greater equality of the sexes in the Underworld than anywhere else in the world. Men treat them as they would treat another man. There are not morals for men and others for women. The code is the same for both. Yet men will use their women as slaves.

If one should happen to do some little kindness for a woman, there will be no effusive thanks. But they are grateful just the same. There was the woman who gave me the silver foxes, for example. She almost apologized, not for giving them, but for having to explain that I would not understand if she had just presented them to me and gone away without a word.

As I grew to know them better, I realized that all they had shown me of welcome had been exceptional for them. They had been moved beyond their ordinary mode of cool acceptance. But, again, I had been greeted as one of them. Once their gratitude had found voice in that acceptance, I was taken for granted. I was, in effect, one of them. Just as a "new girl" is given more than ordinary attention when she first goes to school by the "older" ones, so I was shown extra attention at first.

But on this second night of meeting them, no mention or reference was made to the other. I was simply accepted. And if I was still singled out for an extra attention or two, it was just as a "new girl."

For instance, two of the women came over to my table where I sat alone drinking coffee, and proceeded to read my future. It was, I knew, a special favor they were doing me. And if the favor had merit, then I shall be a notorious woman again. I am to be the mistress of a prince, and guide the destinies of a kingdom.

"It is not good," said one of them. "At least, at the beginning. But do not be afraid. It comes right in the end. But you will have to wait. First there will be suffering. Much suffering. An affaire du coeur. But even you will not suffer as he will who causes all this for you. He will go mad. I see it. He will never recover. And where they take him he will die. And after, you will lead the life you want so much. And you will be the mistress of a prince. I cannot tell you more. It is too long, too many pictures to describe to you now. But it is all there. You will rule the destiny of a kingdom.

"There is plenty of time," she said. "It was there. Make no mistake. You will do something extraordinary. You are a woman who will be well left alone, for there is no peace where you are. Women have altered history before, and at any rate one will do so again."

It may not be to their credit, but it is nevertheless a fact that there is practically no drunkenness in the Underworld of Paris. The interminable coffee is their drink, with perhaps a little red wine if they are in funds. But the vice of drunkenness as we know it in England, and even in other parts of Paris, is unknown.

A Sniff of "Snow" in the Retiring Room of a Cafe At Montmartre.

To a very large extent, their life dictates their habits. They must always be on the alert: on the defensive. Although their code does not allow killing for killing's sake, they are, for all their self-containedness, quick to anger, and a fight to the finish is very common. This is the inevitable outcome of their lives and of their attitude towards life itself. Their volatile temperament; their splendid isolation; both contribute towards this attitude towards life. If they think a thing, they say it, regardless of whose feelings they hurt, or how great the insult. But they know that they must pay, if necessary, for their outspokenness. That is taken for granted. That is the code. If a man's honor is impugned, he may defend it: more, he must defend it if he is to retain his own self-respect and the respect of his class. That defense today is generally with knife or pistol, and the fights among these people are terrible.

I have seen some of these fights. Sometimes they have raged silently for a minute: a minute which seemed an hour: sometimes they are over in a few seconds. The first one I saw was so quickly over that till the others ran over to the stricken man I did not know it had been in progress at all.

It was in a little bistro known as the Beau Rivage, about 11:30 one evening when Eliza and I were leaning against the bar drinking cafe sur le zinc, and, as we chatted, gazing about the room. Eliza being the first woman of the Underworld I had met after leaving prison, had somehow constituted herself my guide, and, wishing me to see other places besides the now familiar Coq Bleu had brought me here tonight.

At a little table further down the room, four men were talking over their paper—which they shared between them. Two women stood near them, evidently belonging to the party. They seemed to be discussing some point arising from the news, and I caught a word here and there which made me try to guess what the subject was. Turning to Eliza, I was about to ask if she had seen the paper that night, when a slight sound drew my attention back to the table where they sat.

A look of terrible agony had convulsed the face of one of the men. Stark horror showed in his widely opened eyes. His grasping hand clutched at his heart. His head fell forward, and his body slid off the chair into a limp crumple on the ground.

"Come," said Eliza.

But I couldn't move. It didn't need very much guessing to know what had happened; though how it happened I was not so sure.

The others in the room crowded round, and stood there quite silent and motionless for a full minute. Then, when they started to stir again something drew me over to them. It was not morbid curiosity so much as some horrible fascination which I could not account for.

They had turned him over, and I could see the knife which was driven right up to the hilt protruding from the bloody clothes over his heart. The man who had killed him looked at the others.

"Que veux tu?" he said. "He called me. He said, in his jeering way, that I lied. If I hadn't been first, I would have been lying there."

It was the old law of the Texan border: the ethics of an "even break." Call a man a coward or a liar, and let him go for his knife or his gun. But make no move for your own till he has shown by his own movement that he accepts the challenge and will fight it out. The man who taunts knows what he is doing, and is therefore forearmed—he is ready for the other. That is why he must let the other move first. After that it is a case of who is the quicker. But he must wait till the other moves. That is the code.

Tonio had called Gustave a liar. Gustave had replied according to the code. He said nothing. He struck. Tonio had known what to expect.

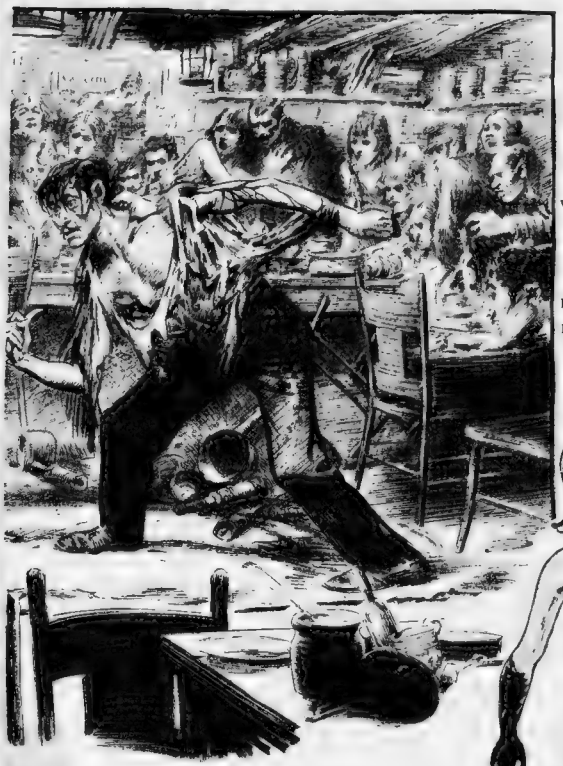
The coordination of mind and body are far too important in the lives of these people for them to risk dulling any of their acute perceptions and quickness of action by any over-indulgence in drinking. Tonio lately had not been as abstemious as was usually his habit. His knife was not yet out of its sheath when he fell. And so he paid more dearly than do most of us for our weaknesses.

Gustave and his friends cleaned the floor, scattered fresh sawdust, and chose another table to continue their coffee drinking.

The other kind of fight I was to see, strangely enough was in the same bistro, some weeks later, It nearly ended my own life.

ces in the Underworld

Initiated by a Barbarous Blood Ceremonial Into Their Secrets in an Underground Apache Den in Paris, This Young Woman of Wealth and Title Is Welcomed as a Sister and Writes of Sights and Scenes Police Never See



An Underworld Murder. The Man on the Ground Has Been Killed in a Nearby Apache Den and, After Being Stabbed to Death, Is Dumped on the Sidewalk for the Police to Carry Away.

Photograph of Addicts in a Paris Dope Resort.

Mademoiselle Cocaine.

hey made a square for them, piling the tables round the room, and reater space. Only Tin-tin would not leave the floor. is huge knife and testing the blade on his wetted thumb. Giuseppe even e held out to him. They began. Barry the Glam, the master; Giuseppe, ice, and the other the avenger of his woman."

Barry the Glam was half Welsh by birth. From his French mother, who had been seduced by a tourist from Barry, he had inherited apparently nothing except the passport into the Underworld and his profession, and the well-merited reputation of being a most wonderful lover. This last was a strange characteristic, for he was a quarrelsome, mean, sneaking jackal of a man; a trickster and a thief of more than just the pocketbooks and tiepins of fools. He was generally disliked, and it was a wonder how he had escaped so long. Though he was one of the most dexterous and resourceful knife-men in the Underworld, there were others no less skilful.

He had no woman of his own. He seemed to have no desire for one. He preferred variety, and it was more or less credibly reported that he had been the lover of half the women of the Underworld. But always his cunning, and the incredible loyalty he seemed to inspire in his mistresses, had combined to save him from what must have otherwise been a hundred deaths. Not that he had had no fights. He had, and he had won—always.

This was the first time I saw him. He was dancing with a rather lovely little woman. It seemed to me strange that she should choose this dark-haired, scarred and unattractive man; but it did not seem sufficiently strange to justify the many glances that were thrown at them.

"That is Fifine," someone whispered to me. "She is Giuseppe's woman, and the mother of his little Jacques."

Giuseppe sat alone: a small dormouse of a man, but one with the kindliest, saddest face I had seen in this company. He never went armed, they told me, and he never handled a weapon or had a fight in his life. Perhaps that was the only reason why he was alive. He seemed too fragile and gentle to fight. If he didn't carry a knife or a gun, they couldn't very well challenge him. The thought came to me he might even be afraid. Yet somehow one didn't seem to mind in Giuseppe's case, though in another one would have despised. But Giuseppe was, as I said, a regular little dormouse of a man.

I asked the story—for story I was sure there was.

Giuseppe was married. He was devoted to his wife Anna. But she bore him no children. Still he continued to cherish her, and to be faithful to her. He adored children to distraction, and it was his one plea of life that he might one day be a father. Then his wife was taken ill, and at the hospital they told him that she could never be a mother. He had never shown her the anguish and hunger that had torn him all those years, but at last unknown to her, he took a mistress. Gentle little Fifine bore him a son, and on this child, and on the mother of the child he spent a passionate devotion.

There was not, I suppose, anyone in the Underworld who did not know his story — except Anna. She alone was ignorant of it. Yet so great was the sympathy and the understanding of the Underworld, that she never heard even a whisper of it. And to her he continued as before, the considerate, affectionate husband.

And there was Barry the Glam dancing with Fifine.

Giuseppe, in his inoffensiveness, passed an understanding glance to Fifine, and said nothing. Even when Barry took her over to another table and drank with her, he said nothing.

Tin-tin, a notorious knife-man, and a friend of Giuseppe, came over to him: "Let me deal with him. I know how."

Giuseppe only shook his head. "It is only a foolishness," he said. "Fifine has no use for him."

Two of the others were muttering. They were not so sure.

"He thinks it's time for a change," one of them said. "That's what it is. His last was that Brunhild with her wild red hair and loud voice. He thinks little Fifine will make a good change. It is a shame. Why can't he find a woman of his own?"

Giuseppe sat on. Again Tin-tin argued with him.

"Tiens, tiens, there will be no fight. But if there is, it is I who will fight; not get my friends to do it for me."

About midnight he said good-night to me, and walking quietly up to Fifine where she sat, unhappy with Barry the Glam, said: "Come. We go now."

Barry laughed a small, shriveled malicious laugh.

"But no," he gestured. "We, perhaps, but not you. Fifine does not want you any more. Besides, parbleu, have you not already a wife? What should you want with Fifine? I am having Fifine."

Giuseppe laid his hand on Fifine. "Come," he said. "Barry the Glam will have his joke, but it is late and I am tired."

Barry flung back his chair so that it crashed behind him and leapt to his feet. "Joke? And since when has it been a joke when I have chosen a woman?"

"Fifine, ma petite," said Giuseppe gently, "do you want to come with me?"

Fifine nodded and made to rise, but Barry pushed between them.

"Did I not say I had chosen my woman?" he said, his evil mouth twisted into a travesty of a smile. "And is it that you should say me no? You who have never in your life drawn knife to defend either yourself or yours?"

Still Giuseppe held his ground and in a quiet, steady voice, as one would speak to a naughty child, he said, "You saw. She wishes to come back with me. Is that not enough? Please move. I wish to take Fifine away."

"So. Our fine fellow is going at last to fight for his woman like the rest of us," taunted Barry the Glam, his small eyes glinting.

"And why should I fight for what is already mine?" replied Giuseppe. "She does not want to go with you, why should I fight?"

"Because I say so," laughed the other. "Fight or lose her, though I shall take her in any case, so do as you like." And he made a gesture as though to flick an irritating fly from his way, and with a hand behind him caught Fifine by the wrist, twisting her to her feet.

The girl gave a little cry. That was enough for Giuseppe.

"We fight," he cried, his voice suddenly hard.

A crowd had gathered round and now a murmur of dissent arose.

"Swine," called a woman, "to hurt a baby. Take a woman if you want one. Take me. I can teach you something of women."

Toto le Frise and Tin-tin were white with fury. They strode up to Barry the Glam.

"Fight a man who can use a knife, not him," they told him.

"Please, mes potes," said Giuseppe, with that sad smile of his, "this is my fight. It is my woman. But if I may ask of you one thing—that you will look after Fifine and Jacques and see that Anna does not want and that she never knows—please, that she never knows. I would not want her to be sad afterwards."

They crowded about him, begging him not to do this mad thing; begging again, many of them, to take on the fight for him. They were all fond of little Giuseppe and they knew that he had no chance against Barry the Glam. So, too, must Giuseppe have known, to make his requests. There was no "if I do not live." It was taken for granted.

Giuseppe waved back to his friends. They made a square for them, piling the tables round the room and standing on them to leave the fighters the greater space.

I caught Toto's arm. "I want to go, but I want to stay," I whispered.

Toto shook his head. "You must stay now. You cannot go. You are of us and you cannot go. If it is too bad, get down behind the bar where you cannot see." And he helped me up on to the bar and stood there beside me.

Only Tin-tin would not leave the floor.

"I will see fair play," he said, drawing his huge knife and testing the blade on his wetted thumb. Giuseppe even had to borrow a knife. A dozen were at once held out to him.

They began. Barry the Glam, the master; Giuseppe, the novice; the one inspired by lust and malice, and the other the avenger of his woman.

Barry struck first, his blade ripping the sleeve of Giuseppe's shirt, and slashing the left arm to the bone from elbow to shoulder. He struck and was out of range before Giuseppe could strike in return. Like two panthers then, they circled: the one on his toes, every muscle tensed: the other flat-footed, almost listless with pain, wondering dumbly how long it could last.

Blood poured from his arm and drenched the floor. I shut my eyes to keep out the distressing sight. I stuck my thumbs into my ears to shut out the sound. It was useless. Through the plugged drums I could still hear the screams of women: the clash of steel on steel; the thud of blows: the shuffle and stamp of feet. Queer hard gasps quivered in the silence of the room where none moved but the two with their knives, smashed through my stopped ears and shattered into my semi-consciousness. I felt dizzy: sick: Toto's arm around me, alone kept me from falling. And still the fight went on.

Giuseppe still lived—white like a lily. His long hair had fallen down over his face. How strange a look it had! The tenseness and the pain had

(Continued on Page 14.)

Goose Fair

by S. Andrew Wood

The Captivating Story of a Girl Who Had to Choose Between the "Big Top" and Society

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

PATSY DORAN, daughter of Daddy Doran's dead sister, is brought up with Doran, a circus owner. Circus life becomes the only life she has ever known. Daddy Doran has also brought up Simon Conellan, who is in love with Patsy. Simon is a bareback rider, and Patsy is a trapeze performer. Their act is a great success. Simon is very much in love with Patsy, but she is not interested in him. Patsy is in love with Nat Kellett, a young Irishman who is a guest at the circus. Nat is in love with Patsy, but he is engaged to Beth Devine, a girl in Dublin. Nat and Patsy meet secretly. Nat tells Patsy that he is going to marry Beth for her money, as he is in debt. Patsy is heartbroken. Nat tells Patsy that he loves her, but he is going to marry Beth. Patsy tells Simon that she is going to marry Nat. Simon is furious. Nat and Patsy meet secretly

Took Secret of $1,000,000 B[illegible] T[illegible] H[illegible] G[illegible]

FORTY-EIGHT gold bars worth a million dollars lie hidden somewhere in the Transvaal South Africa and the man who hid them took the secret with him to the grave after spending a quarter of a century trying to find a way to smuggle them out of the country. He was Ludwig Kurtze, a notorious adventurer who was better known to his friends as "Baron" Von Veltheim, and in his recently published autobiography he tells all about the gold except where to find it.

The strange story of Von Veltheim's hoard goes back to the days when Stephanus Kruger was president of the ill-fated South African Republic, or the Transvaal, which after the Boer War became a British possession. The trouble which led up to the war between the British and the Boers was already brewing, but there was a group of English mining magnates who thought their best interests would be served if they could avoid this war by setting up another independent government in the Transvaal.

Their plan as explained in Von Veltheim's book, was for a peaceful change of president on the South American pattern. There was to be no bloodshed, and above all else, not a hair of Kruger's head must be harmed. The revolution was to take place in one night. Kruger was to be seized, taken at midnight before a court martial, and sentenced to three years banishment but without loss of civil rights and with continued payment of his full salary.

By easy stages, Kruger was to be taken to the coast and shipped off to Europe on a yacht, and it was hoped that after he was gone, the government to be set up by the new president would be able to find a peaceful solution for the differences between the British and the Boers. But the magnates involved in the plot knew it would fail if the Boers suspected that Englishmen were backing the revolution. At all costs, the Boers must be led to believe that their own patriots were the leaders whose only object was to save the country from a destructive war with England. After the revolution, Von Veltheim and the other agents hired to help him, would disappear "as through a trap door."

When Von Veltheim agreed to kidnap Kruger and carry out the revolution he was paid in advance—forty-eight bars of gold, which at present prices would be worth a million dollars. Where he hid this gold no one knows. He took no one into his confidence and let no one see him bury it. Many people have searched for it, but no trace has ever been found.

At the time he received it he was living near Rose Deep Mine, not far from Germiston, quietly working out the details of the plot. So it is believed that the gold must be in that vicinity, probably hidden in a number of separate caches. But each time Von Veltheim mentions the hoard in his autobiography he is tantalizingly vague about the hiding place.

His revolutionary plot was elaborate. After getting himself an appointment as a sergeant in the Cape Mounted Police, he secretly organized six "prospecting" parties, under the leadership of desperate characters who were fully capable of keeping the men under the strictest discipline. No party was to know anything about the others until the time for action arrived. At various points in the Transvaal these parties established "prospecting camps" which were really horse relay stations by which the kidnaped president was to be rushed out of the country.

After everything was in readiness, Von Veltheim heard that Wassf Joel, a well-known capitalist, had arrived from England calling on Joel, Von Veltheim discovered that while the capitalist refused to have any direct connection with the plot, he apparently wanted to profit by it if he could arrange to be notified in London of the exact date on which Kruger was to be kidnaped, two days before it took place, he could reap a fortune in the stock market.

Von Veltheim did not take favorably to this idea, since it might disrupt the whole plan. While he was arguing about it with Joel and the capitalist's lieutenant, Harold F. Strange, he saw Strange go to a desk to get a cigar. The next moment a shot grazed Von Veltheim's forehead.

"Then," he says in his autobiography, "I espied the silvery shaft of a revolver which Joel, now at the end of the room, raised against me. A fearful fury seized me. My Colt was in my practiced hand in an instant, and its short, deadly bark answered the treacherous attack of Strange's bulldog revolver, the unreliable trigger of which had caused him to miss me.

"The mouth of Joel's American revolver seemed as big as a small cannon, to me or a stovepipe. Three shots in succession I fired at him. I did not guess that Strange was unwounded. That was his luck, otherwise I would have sent him after his boss.

"At his death and Von Veltheim's arrest on a charge of murder put an end to the plot to kidnap Kruger. At his trial, Von Veltheim was acquitted, but he was later deported from the Transvaal without having a chance to get to his hoard. From then on until his death in 1930, his life was one long succession of schemes to get that gold out of South Africa.

He did not dare tell anyone where the gold was hidden, for if he did it would be stolen, or confiscated by the government. So he decided the best thing to do was to keep away from the country until the "strange happenings had been forgotten." Then he would return and secretly make away with the gold. But when he returned to the Transvaal he was unlucky enough to get there just as the Boer War started.

"The state," he says, "was full of English patrols. Hence my plan, as I had feared, had to be postponed for some years. But I was able to assure myself of the continued safety of my deposits and remove all doubts. Premature action meant extra risk.

I [illegible] samples of my [illegible] ing about [illegible] shifting. [illegible] trailed me. [illegible] police[illegible] [illegible] I had to [illegible] throw [illegible] If I had not [illegible] would have [illegible] that night.

So he left South Africa [illegible] later he was back [illegible] Conditions were [illegible] and he was [illegible] was still too [illegible] that he would [illegible] by not waiting long [illegible] went to England [illegible] calling on Joel, Von Veltheim discovered that while the capitalist refused to have any direct connection with the plot, he apparently wanted to profit by it if he could arrange to be notified in London of the exact date on which Kruger was to be kidnaped, two days before it took place, he could reap a fortune in the stock market.

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[illegible] had [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Lady Edmee Owen's Startling Experiences in the Underworld

(Continued from Double Page)

some front it in its pure wax a serene look of sweet content as though he knew he was going to lie and was not afraid. He seemed to know he had been wounded.

A great gash had been opened in his leg. His shirt was off and his chest was red with blood from many wounds. He seemed unconscious of the agile figure of the other and he looked so loosely trussed at any moment he might direct at Barry the Glam was playing with his mouse.

He still had much ammunition left, but before Barry could fire Giuseppe, pricking his body with his knife seeking to find another gash to rest to get a fatal one. He circled in search of them darted out again before the slow-moving mouse could strike back, just scratching the torture flesh of the [illegible] who was so [illegible] pain.

[illegible] was a shambles. Giuseppe sprawled down on one knee in the center of red. But he still [illegible] weakly with his knife. Barry the Glam bent with a savage gesture to drive him lower, [illegible] in the blood that had poured from Giuseppe's

Not all of the life of the Paris Underworld is [illegible] smelling, cobbled lanes. Its drug traffic [illegible] has been driven underground by many drug addicts [illegible] and sexual perversion [illegible] meeting places are [illegible] as repellent as [illegible]. One of these places I was conducted by my Underworld friend [illegible] himself an addict.

The [illegible] room we entered [illegible] nature of an Eastern [illegible] cathedral. Men [illegible] in jewels and evening dress had their faces concealed by [illegible] as were our own, sat [illegible] on divans.

[illegible] midnight a number [illegible] as monks, in purple [illegible] robes, bearing [illegible] of champagne [illegible] in from one [illegible] from the other. I [illegible] was able to [illegible] and to [illegible] certain that something was there besides the [illegible] because there was [illegible] nothing that in an [illegible] which makes it difficult [illegible] to sip. It was [illegible] wine, yet everyone [illegible] incredibly thirsty. [illegible] drank as if it had been water.

[illegible] somewhere came the [illegible] boom of a bell or it may have been some very wonderful [illegible] and immediately the [illegible] ceased to remove the [illegible] The bell boomed [illegible] twelve times in [illegible] of my watch. It [illegible] the last note [illegible] we had gone, and [illegible] was waiting expectantly. Voices were muted to [illegible] No one moved [illegible] with acting so that it [illegible] a long way away, [illegible] sound of boys' voices. Nearer and nearer it came. Gradually the glorious treble [illegible] into the cadence of a Gregorian chant, which filled the room, echoing grandly in the vaulted roof, and re-echoing [illegible] into a sublime crescendo, and then slowly faded again into [illegible] impossible distance of vast spaces beyond.

As the last note died, lingering, a great wind blew through the closed curtain, swinging the heavy rugs forward, and sending the flames of the candles wavering madly. Slowly the curtain was lifted aside by unseen hands, and the wind swept up the room, extinguishing the candles as it came.

But as darkness came to one end of the room, light came to the other. Slowly, so slowly that one could scarcely see it grow, a dim radiance came into being behind where the curtains had hung. In its light could be seen the tall outlined [illegible] altar, from which led four steps paved in a luminous mosaic whose colors reflected dully in the gray floor below.

The radiance became light; a light which seemed to emanate from a white blur in the center of the altar. The blur took shape, and it was a woman, exquisitely nude. She stood, her hair a golden glory round her head, long plaits of woven gold falling like thick chains to cover her gently swelling breasts, her lovely arms extended, and her cupped hands reached out before her.

As we gazed, entranced, the sounds of the chant swelled out again. From each side of the altar came two surpliced boys swinging censers. Slowly they approached the girl, and the woman on the altar, and kneeling set down their censers smoking blue with incense. There they knelt. The chant grew softer and softer till it was gone like a lark's song into the dome of the sky.

As it died it was caught again. But now there was a new note. Like the murmuring of a thousand bees the [illegible] chords lived again, growing and [illegible] into the sonorous roll of a chorus of male voices. The [illegible] clasped their breasts a dozen purposeful [illegible] solemn procession from either side of the altar and knelt behind the four boys. And then, as their voices gently subsided, the [illegible] contralto of women took up the chant. The pale ovals of their faces framed in white [illegible] their bodies draped in scarlet cloaks, eleven women came to kneel, one between each pair of the "monks."

There was a movement behind these, as all stood motionless with the erotic [illegible] of that superb cantation. All not before we had realized [illegible] figure had appeared [illegible] ing with soundless steps toward the altar. Its white and scarlet cloak hardly swayed in the slightly [illegible] progression. It reached the altar and with [illegible] stepped out of the four steps [illegible] the kneeling figures [illegible] then, as if by some trick of [illegible] had passed through them till it stood with hands uplifted, before the woman.

In a superb tenor voice, he continued the unfinished stanzas of the chant, and then, at the last final note flung wide his hands scattering from them a cloud of white powder which fell to the glowing censers at his feet to burst forth into tongues of vivid flame.

The kneeling figures rose, dividing like two great arms, leaving the priest alone in the center of the altar, with a hundred tiny flames licking at his white robes and mingling their flamadinel fingers with the scarlet of his trappings.

Reluctantly they died. The light behind the woman grew dimmer. A wreath broke from the throats of the monkish figures. The girl moved. Her hands that had been cupped waiting, separated in a widespread gesture as she flung more of the white powder on the dying flames. They sprang up luridly against the whiteness of her body, reaching up to the slim columns of her legs with avid hands, snatching at the robes of the priest with hungry greed.

For a moment it seemed as if both woman and priest were to be consumed in the fire they had made, but with a swirl of his body the man was free of his white and scarlet robe, and had thrown it on the fire. A flood of blinding light blotted out everything, and when it was gone, there was nothing but blackness.

Suddenly the moon beyond became light, and the tension of the last few minutes was broken with a huge tangible sigh.

Down the lighted room came the priest, his body clothed in folds of shimmering gold, holding in his arms the woman, from whose white limbs dragged length upon length of cobwebbine lace. Behind these came the four boys, then the men, and then the women. Again that riot of song held us in thrall, again the heart-tearing beauty of those voices burst like a tightness to our throats that was near to unbearable. And then the beauty of the chant gave way to the wildest of pagan exstases. It was demented; it was like the souls in hell glorying in their damnation with the voices of angels.

Almost imperceptibly it changed again, drifting back into the low murmuring, then slowly growing again in sound and volume, rolling round the room in stately cadence and passing into the triumphant exaltation of a paean of adoration.

The priest raised the woman high above his head with his two hands, and there she lay, the soft night-blue of her [illegible] in her white body, the two gleaming plaits of her hair hanging twisted like a golden rope around her neck. For twenty seconds motionless she held her so in utter silence. Then his rich voice broke the still silence.

Those who would this night forget the hell of earth and know the bliss of hell, come near and receive knowledge."

Four women, young girls they seemed, were led by their friends from among those of us who stood watching. Eight of the monks came forward to lead them up to the priest. Four withdrew; four remained. The priest lowered the woman in his arms till she lay within their reach. They stood by, ready. The four girls kneeled at the bidding of the priest, their faces lifted, their hands on their breasts, cupped, open.

The four monks waiting by, loosened the thick braids of hair of the women from the altar from the fine strands of it fell a little shower of white powder on the faces of the kneeling girls.

"Breathe," intoned the voice of the priest, "breathe and you shall know life. Breathe and you shall forget death. Raise up your hands and cover your faces that you shall know what you see matters nothing beside what you feel. Lie back in the arms of sleep and know that what you feel is nothing so long as your mind shall sleep."

Behind them had come the four monks, and as they leaned back the men caught them up, and bore them to four divans, where they laid them down. Their hands were still covering their faces, hands scattered with white powder—white poison, cocaine.

Slowly the priest lowered the form of the woman in his arms to the hands of the priests who knelt ready to receive her from him, and himself kneeling, swathed the now loosened strands of her hair about her face so that she too could breathe in the white powder drifting like mist from its golden glory.

Breathe," he intoned again "Breathe and the life of death Breathe and know that there is no death and no life except in death."

The white arms stirred and stretched in a voluptuous gesture of abandonment. With infinite grace and leisure, the smooth loveliness of her body shook off the entangling cobwebs of black lace, and rose tall and slim from the support of those golden and purple-clad arms.

"Come," she called in a deep, husky voice. "Come where knowledge is, and where forgetfulness is."

Turning, she took from the priest who stood behind her a short-handled knife. With its keen blade she ripped the long folds of his robes with slash after slash. With each thrust of the knife was revealed a tiny package twirled in gold foil.

There was a sudden mad scramble and rush. Then men and women who had been watching the initiation groveled on the floor to catch the packets as they fell from the hems and seams of the priestly robes.

I could see little of what followed. I was conscious of shouting, of turmoil and of a general hysteria. But beyond that, nothing. When the surge towards the priest and the woman had thinned out, I saw that the priests had broken away, and that the nude-like woman and the four choirboys had disappeared.

From the altar at the far end of the room came the sound of voluptuous dance music, and soon there was dancing. It was not dancing such as one sees in the restaurants of London. It was not the dancing I had seen that night in the cellar at my own initiation into the Underworld. It was not, in fact, such dancing as I had ever seen or dreamed of. It was simply a glorified licentiousness broken loose.

I looked round for Jules, but could not see him.

One of the monks saw me, and caught me in his arms, trying to whirl me away into one of the no, they were not dances. They were unadulterated libidinous orgies. I struggled. He seemed to take that as a sign of vitality, and urged me on. With a tremendous effort I freed an arm and hit him with all my strength across his face. He took it as a sign of enjoyment. In despair, I bent my head and my teeth met most met his arm. With a shout he had freed me. But it was only a moment's respite. He was after me again.

I have never thought that such exhibitions were possible. Women were stripping their clothes off as they danced. Men were tearing the restricting tightness of collars, ties and coats. Some were already completely naked.

And always among them moved those purple-clad figures, always giving round the little gold packets to the ever-ready hands open to receive them, and to tear them open with trembling fingers.

I reached the door to find a great eunuch guarding my egress. The monk was pushing through a crowd of half-naked women to fetch me. My voice was drowned among a hundred screaming maniacal women.

A hand grasped my arm. I turned to see what menace was there. It was Jules.

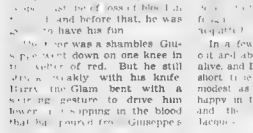
"Take me out. For God's sake get me away," I urged.

I don't know what he said, or what he did. I only know that in a few minutes I was breathing the clean air of the street again and that the honk of Paris taxis and the roar of the night traffic was blessing my ears like the ripple of a quiet stream.

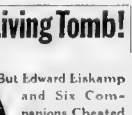
To Be Continued Next Sunday.

FATE Led Them to a Living Tomb!

But Edward Eiskamp and Six Companions Cheated Death in Underground Maze.



* The light continued to burn!



Edward Eiskamp who with six companions had the thrilling experience in the Sam a Poux caves in the wilds of the Catskills.

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RUB PAIN AWAY WITH **BAUME "BEN-GAY"**

Goose Fair

S. Andrew Wood

(Continued from Page 12)

Patsy "I'm waiting, Tansy Lovell."

Tansy Lovell chuckled, her eyes like coals in the swarthy mesh of her face as she thrust a piece of hard-bake into Patsy's hand.

"'Tis there. Blood-cake and dukker too. Break one open and see t'other."

In the broken cake in Patsy's palm lay a football piece of paper. Slowly she put a small light in the oil-lamp and read: "I'm with the Lovells For heaven's sake bring as much money as you can Tear this into little pieces and burn it."

That was all There was no signature. Patsy walked to the stove which still held a few embers, and thrust the paper in. Tansy Lovell, with her wet cloak dripping on the floor, watched her dress in silence

"I'm ready."

"Have you money?"

"There's yours Hold you hand."

The smoky dark seemed to clutch at Patsy as greedily as Tansy Lovell's fingers. Patsy had a feeling that she was a clockwork which had been wound up long before and must do the bidding of its machinery. Her father and now Jimsie Lavender.

Not a dog barked as they passed through the dark ring of caravans. Tansy Lovell splashed into a deep lane and across a gurgling hillside. There was a long dip through a bare wood, a weary walk along the ridge, and then a light twinkled

"He's part Lovell. He crawled to us on his knees So there he is, hiding wid the gippoes." said Tansy Lovell, and the ghost of a chuckle left her

The camp was in darkness, save for one tent and a fire that smoked under a canopy of sacking. Tansy gave Patsy a gentle push

"Go in and talk to yer true love, little circus Gorgiko"

Again that momentary chuckle Then Patsy was in the candlelight, her hand at her throat was choking her For a moment she only saw a big shadow on the wall of the tent that almost made her run

And then Jimsie Lavender's eyes looked at her over the flame of the candle. He came slowly forward under a trembling lip But, for an instant, he was almost jaunty above the hangdog fear which was stamped all over him

"Good little kiddo I thought I thought the old woman might have bungled it, someway. Hung around Doran's last night, I did, but the dogs smelled me. Came here and told them to fetch you." He spoke in spasms between puffing at a cigarette "Getting used to this sort of thing, kiddo, aren't you?"

Patsy found her tongue dry

"I've brought money with me," she said. "It's here. A lot. Where do you mean to go to?"

"Wish I knew. Wish I could hop abroad, like your father did I thought, maybe, you'd be able to think up something. A disguise. Anything. Did you learn nothing those days?"

His Spanish nostrils moved. He made a great effort to smile and placed his arm about Patsy, but, at the stone statue she changed into beneath his touch, he dropped it again. Patsy saw that he put his trust completely in her, this dark murderer in a gipsy tent, this batterer of men's heads.

"There was a fight, I suppose, and you killed him."

"Who said—who said I did" Sure you've judged me without a hearing, Patsy—" it was a momentary whine "They're all burnt liars, police, newspapers, bills. They'd—they'd hang me without fair trial. It's prejudiced beforehand. You would not let me get into the hands of people who're all stinking with prejudice, Patsy? It was not that way you did with Justin Devine."

"He was my father."

"And I'm not your husband, little rabbit, am I?" It was an unfamiliar and fawning Jimsie Lavender. "Not as good as your dad Do you know he ruined hundreds of people through the length and breadth of England, and half a dozen of them committed suicide" And what's the difference between being wanted for that and being wanted for—"

"He did not kill them with a shillelagh," Patsy said

A yellowish tinge swept over Lavender's lean cheek. He asked huskily: "Have they found it, then?"

Patsy watched him steadily Likely enough her father, Justin Devine, had made hundreds of people poor. One or two might have died because of it. She began to realize, at last, that in the eyes of the world he had been a villain

Her lot was cast among villains. But there was just this difference. She and Justin Devine, her father, had loved each other. It shone like a star within Patsy, that illusion she would carry to her grave.

(Continued on Page 13)

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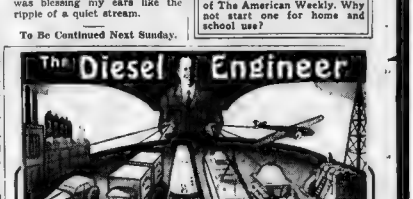

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Goose Fair

by S. Andrew Wood

(Continued from Page 14)

"There's a printed paper about you, outside the police station. You could never hide at Doran's because Daddy Doran knows believes—you did it. He would give you up. I've left that house in Dublin because I've thrown up the la-di-dah." Patsy frowned concentratedly. "Simon Conellan wouldn't help, because—well, he would not. I could take my caravan away from Doran's and meet you somewhere with it. Have it repainted I would, and tour the country, in disguise."

Lavender hung painfully on her words. The perspiration glistened on his gaunt cheeks. He was like a drowning man who clutched at a straw.

"Disguised? Just me and you?"

"Me and you, yes. No one else of course."

Patsy shivered slightly. It was her fate. Perhaps she could let Simon Conellan know about it. It would make him marry Beth all the sooner.

Lavender gulped.

"Till we could get out of the country. Disguised as two gipsoes. What a come down! Two gipsoes, with no belongings save each other!" His laugh was hoarse and vicious. He rested his head on his hands. No thought of her, Patsy realized, entered him.

She listened to the lash of the rain on the tent, trying to think coolly, trying to remember that Jimsie was a man, and not a cornered, and guilty animal. Her kind . . . When she was blind she had chosen him, and said aloud to him, "Come good, come wickedness." When she could see, and the wickedness had come, she must stay with him.

A corner of the tent was cautiously lifted. It was Tansy Lovell.

"Be you two love-birds all right? You come away from that fine Romany lad, li'l kitten, and come and talk wi' me in my tent. It's time somethin' was doing. An' maybe I've got a plan."

Tansy pulled Patsy from the tent. A candle now lit her tent like a lantern, and the fire burned brightly in the hissing rain, revealing the other tents of the Lovell encampment, all dark and sheeping. It seemed to Patsy that the old gipsy crone's hold on her arm was very tight, and she almost bundled her into her tent.

"Quiet, li'l one. Not a sound!"

As Tansy hissed, there came a soft whistle, and the crash of men moving quickly through the undergrowth. Patsy sprang to her feet, but Tansy held her fast, in a grip of iron.

"Not this time, li'l chi. You've looked after enough bad 'uns."

Shadows moved about the tent which held Jimsie Lavender. A man in a blue mackintosh dived into the opening. Inside a cry sounded, muffled and broken off in the middle. Patsy heard the clink of metal and Jimsie Lavender, handcuffed, came out of the candle-light, staggering, corpse-white. Another whistle sounded. The sound of a motor, suddenly set going, came from above the wood.

"March!" said a low voice to Jimsie Lavender.

It had all happened before Patsy realized it. She and Tansy Lovell sat alone in the tent, and the car raced its engine on the road above, before the clutch jarred in.

The arrest of Jimsie Lavender had taken place so quietly and quickly that the rest of the camp was not awakened; or, perhaps, pretended not to be.

"You sold him, didn't you?" Patsy shrank weakly into the corner from the old woman.

"I did that." Tansy Lovell chuckled coolly, lifted up her skirt and did a few steps of a grotesque dance with her skinny legs. "Me and my rye, Sylvester Lovell, him what married you. Kep' him hiding here, under promise of sending for you, we did. So Tansy went for the little Gorgiko, and Sylvester for the police. Us married ye, and us've divorced ye."

"Will they—hang him?"

"Ay, and drop him again. Ten foot of a drop, I'd say, measurin' him wid my eye. An' a bit more for his craven soul. If so be as they'd strung them off the gallows in the open air like they did when I was a young girl, I'd ha' gone to watch if it had been a ten mile talk. The mongrel Romany! Don't you fret no more, li'l kitten. Go an' sleep on yer silk pillow again. Tansy Lovell's got ye a divorce."

CHAPTER XXXI.

For the Defense.

TO SIT in the restaurant of a fashionable hotel again was an unfamiliar experience to Simon Conellan. The Tarragona had been an old haunt of Beth and himself before the Devine crash, but now it was like revisiting the glimpses of the moon, to sit at the same soft-lit table, attended to by the same head-waiter—a little less discreet and diplomatic in his manner, now, Simon fancied, as though the necessity for such behavior had gone.

"Do you see who is over in the corner yonder?" asked Beth. Her topaz eyes were lit tonight, the contours of her face softer, and rounder.

Simon glanced round. Nat Kellett and his wife sat at a little table with a silver bucket and an array of bottles.

"It's a guzzling-match," said Beth. "They always have one after a reconciliation. It looks like the happy-ending—till next time. Oh, I was a fool, Simon. But I chose my man when I picked on Nat. Like somebody who tries to commit suicide after taking care that the water's only two feet deep."

"Forget it."

Simon glanced at her. There was something deep and shining about Beth, something quite new. Her smile was wistful and whimsical; that of a gentle fatalist. But all the mockery had gone from it. Simon, during the past few days, had found a new, warm friendship about her, and begun to look for it. He needed it badly.

"Shall we dance?"

"No. I think you've something to tell me, Simon called Peter. Spill it, please."

"It's about poor Syme. Pretty sordid kind of thing to talk about in the Tarragona. Not the fashionable or thrilling murder people sit up to at all."

"No," agreed Beth.

She looked down at her glass of cordial. Nothing thrilling. She in the Tarragona and a murderer in his cell, each counting the days, like miners, till the morning that would give the murderer to the executioner and leave his wife for another man—the man who sat before her. Nothing thrilling.

"What is it? I like discussing cases with famous barristers. I'll call you famous because everybody else calls you rising—as though you were a cake."

"The police found an envelope in Syme's belongings. It was addressed to me and left in a box where he kept his will and other things. They kindly handed it over. Whether they steamed it open first I can't say. If they did, well . . ." Simon fumbled with a piece of notepaper. "This is what it says:

"'Dear Mr. Conellan. If I should get croaked, I wanted you to take the jest I made the other day, as earnest. It may be the gipsy boy with the fragrant name, who promised it me in your place the other day, or it may be a fellow called Lasky, who's sent me enough threatening letters to get him three years if I'd been a respectable citizen. If Lasky bumps me, leave him. But if it's James L., you defend him on a brief from the late Mr. Charles Syme, so to speak. I'd like to know that a clip on my head made you famous. I've got a sort of goose walking over my grave tonight, so I'm doing this to cheer me up. I mean it.'

"'P. S. I put my money on James.'

"That's all," ended Simon. "He was a hard-boiled sort of humorist. I don't know whether he really wrote that for me, or for the police."

"Rather damning for Mr. Lavender, if the police saw it."

"Even my mighty eloquence might fail to save him," agreed Simon.

He drummed the table. Beth knew of whom he was thinking. Nothing thrilling. Jimsie Lavender in his cell, Simon at the Tarragona, both waiting for the executioner . . .

"Why don't you, Simon? Why don't you take Charlie Syme at his word?" An unaccountable impulse made Beth say it. She found her heart beating suddenly at a wild dream of incredible chance.

"Me?" A deep flush mounted to Simon's cheek. He stared at Beth in silence, then: "I couldn't save him. O'Flynn couldn't. He's dead guilty. Think of any murderer this past ten years and he had nothing on Lavender. And I want the hound to die."

"If you did save him, by some chance, against the odds" Beth watched the dancers unseeingly "you might become more or less famous. Aren't you tired of being just old Michael Conellan's son, who became a lawyer in Ireland for fun?"

"I'd be infamous for life. It would be worse than being a toy barrister."

Simon sat silent for a long while after that. He felt bleak and unpitying of anybody save Patsy. About her, and what she was passing through, he dared not think too much. Till it was all over he feared to go near her. Then he would go very gently and beat down what resistance was left. Lavender's trial was in a week. The police case was water-tight. Reckon a fortnight between sentence and the last scene. Three weeks or so . . . Simon, too, was counting the days, as well as Jimsie Lavender and Beth Devine . . .

Dublin did not keep late hours, even these days. Beth took up her cloak rather paler than she had been. They stood at the curb, both rather tense human beings. It was just as their cab came to the curb that the Hall Porter of the Tarragona approached.

"Mr. Conellan, sir? There's a young woman asking after you."

Beth turned.

"It's Patsy," she said, almost quietly.

Patsy came across the pavement, breasting the passers-by as she followed the commissionaire who had called her a "young woman," and Simon Conellan understood why.

She was wrapped in a nondescript cloak, wore a small, cheap hat, and carried the kind of handbag affected by plain and unassuming young women of the respectable working - class. If Patsy had deliberately wished to present a contrast to the expensive looking Beth (as Beth herself realized in a flash, was her purpose) she could have done no better.

"It's you!" Simon knew, at the sight of her, what he had suffered without her. "Why didn't you come inside to us?"

She did not take his hand, but smiled shyly at Beth. In a moment Beth thought rapidly, she would drop a curtsy.

"Please, can I be speaking to you, Mr. Conellan?" she asked. "It's very important. About that man, Jimsie Lavender."

Beth opened the door of the taxi-cab. Patsy averted her face from her intent gaze.

"Get inside, both of you. A lot of business is transacted in taxi-cabs, nowadays. I'll ring you up at your chambers in an hour or two, Simon." Beth laughed. "This young woman out of one of Aunt Minnie's sob-plays wishes to plead for her husband."

"It's true what Beth said." Patsy leaned forward as the taxi-cab started. "That's what I came for. Oh, please, won't you try to save him when he comes before the judge?"

Simon caught the hand that troubled him, and held it.

"Ah, stop this play-acting, Patsy! I'm not joining in the game. I don't like it. Hanging outside the Tarragona to crave a word with the fine people, like a beggar girl, the dear comic you are—"

"I've seen that famous Sir William O'Flynn. He'll defend Jimsie he says, and let you be what he calls his junior, if you will. A nice gentleman he is and was very kind to me—"

"Cut it out, Patsy!" said Simon, in despair. "Nice gentleman? Did he call you 'my good woman'? He's a pink old camel, as a matter of fact. Patsy, it's no use, no use!"

He dragged her across on the seat beside him and with a wave of passion and tenderness that swept him from his feet, crushed her lips thirstily. The hunger and torment of empty days was in it and Patsy, after a momentary struggle, lay quiet.

"No use, Patsy! Can't you see it? I mean it's no use shamming to be Lavender's wife. Not even to yourself. You're not, and never will be. Heaven knows what wild stuff you've got into your dear head, but it's to come out. You belong to me. I meant to wait till it was over. But I can't. I'll take you away out of the dirt of it all, till it's finished, Patsy. This very night. Do you hear me?"

He kissed her eyes and a tendril of tawny hair that came down from under her little hat. Patsy sat quite still, and waited before she spoke.

"Now that I've given you leave to do that," she said, "will you help him?"

Suddenly a small cry left her.

"Why won't you let me pretend then? It's the easier thing for us both that way. I've been pretending one way and another, ever since I left Doran's. Ah, you must, sometimes, or you die. I'm circus again. Circus I was born and circus I'll stay. It's for that I want Jimsie, so that I'll have to stay, and not try any more—any more playboy stuff."

Patsy paused. She sat like a little cold, still child.

"I'm giving to Beth what money there is left," she ended. "It was not honestly gained. Beth will have everything."

"You're mad," said Simon. "And I'm leaving you."

"I was never sane," answered Patsy. "Never. But from now I mean to be."

Simon, with a tight misery about his heart, stepped out from the cab.

"Where to?" he asked mechanically.

"A wee hotel. I'll tell the driver. There's only show-folks there." Patsy leaned her pale face out: "You have not said that you'll help to save him. Will you?"

"Yes," said Simon.

He turned away with no further word. In the dimly-lit entrance to his rooms Simon Conellan, of the Irish Bar, stopped. He had accepted brief for various reasons in the past, first for amusement then as

(Continued on Page 17)

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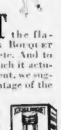

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The Chef's Flavoring for Home Cooking

Turning Over a New Leaf in the Recipe Cook-Book

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

THE New Year is the traditional season in which to make resolutions and follow plans for turning over a new leaf. One of the most fascinating and also most practical of "leaves" which claim the hostess' attention, are those of the recipe collector's cook-book.

For every homemaker today prides herself on her selected choice, tested and tasted recipes which she has gleaned from the pages of her favorite periodicals, gathered from her friends, or clipped from the booklets issued by food manufacturers on their specialized products.

As with collections of postage stamps, photographs, coins, autographs and similar hobbies, there is more than one good and efficient manner in which to arrange and keep such collections in a systematic and safe display. The objects must be safeguarded so that they shall not be disfigured with frequent and possibly harsh use; they must be so classified that each unit or each idea can be readily reached and found; each piece of information should carry as many details of cost, use, arrangement, number of persons served, as will make that particular recipe 100% complete. Now how may this be accomplished?

To file, or not to file, that is the question"—a question asked by every beginning collector of food recipes. Shall she use a large flat scrap-book or ledger type of container, pasting one or more recipes on the broad pages? Or shall each single unit recipe be detached from its original text as printed, and typed on a separate filing card, as is done with business and library information? In short, it is the scrap-book, versus the card filing cabinet which compose the two outstanding methods of recipe arrangement.

As with so many other problems and questions, each of these ways offers special advantages. Taking the large scrap-book for example, this seems most satisfactory for material when there are several recipes pertaining to a single subject.

Thus, suppose the hostess reads an article on Serving the Buffet Supper, with its accompanying six or ten recipes. In order to keep all this material together, nothing is better than the use of a large scrap-book in which the entire clipping may be pasted.

Such a book, indeed any book, may be indexed at its open side, by means of tabs bought at the stationer's or made at home. Some of these tabs consist of a sticker holding a tiny roll of transparent material into which the name of the general heading may be slipped after it is typed or clearly printed. This sort of tab can be readily changed, if desired.

In pasting up any printed material, a tube of rubber cement will be found desirable because the cement does not smudge or stick readily. Also, printed matter so posted, can be removed to a new location without tearing.

If, however, cards are preferred, the best plan is either to type the recipe on the card, or to paste onto each card the actual clipping as taken from magazines, booklets, etc. While cards of a 3x5 inch size are most frequently used, there is much to recommend a larger card, such as the 6x4 size filing card. This larger size gives ampler space on which to write, print or paste.

And now for the headings and their plan. Here again, the recipe collector will have to be guided by her own desires and interests, as well as family needs. In making a general simple recipe index, one follows almost identically the headings of the usual cook-book, in its alphabetical order, thus: Appetizers, Baking, Candies, Desserts—and so on through to the final Vegetables. These headings, in large type may be printed on the guide-cards which are supplied with such cabinets, or which may be bought in any quantity desired.

However, such a simple classification does not suit for long—and one finds that subdivision, and still more subdivision becomes necessary. Thus, Dessert alone is not a heading which will give information so rapidly as will Cold Desserts, Hot Desserts, Quick Desserts, Eggless Desserts, and so on.

Again, the heading of Meats is all to simple: one will soon divide into Meats That Are Quick Cooking, Casserole Meats, Meats for Two, Left-Over Meats, and so on. The more the system can be divided, the more helpful it becomes, and the more quickly and readily can the hostess secure just the recipe she is seeking.

In disposing guide headings throughout any card file, it has been found an advantage to use colored cards, to separate the various general divisions: thus, use as a guide or heading card for meats, a brown card, for confectionery or cakes, a pink card, for vegetables a green one, for fish a blue one, and so throughout the entire box or collection. The color or shade of these division cards will aid in calling to mind just where a particular recipe card belongs—just as colored cards make for greater visibility and accuracy in business card systems.

Since it often happens that a recipe or a clipping on a food subject is too large or too long to be placed on a single card, another suggestion is to paste on to the back of each card a simple manila envelope of a size identical to the card. Then, when the printed matter runs longer, this additional and often uneven or irregular clipping may be tucked back of the card into the card's envelope.

This is also useful when there is an illustration showing the dish, a picture which the hostess would like to refer to, to bring back the recipe to her mind's eye, but for which there is no room on the face of the card itself. Tuck this picture—say for a delicious partified holiday salad which you have just tasted, into the envelope on the back of the card.

Many women find that a combination of both chief plans for collecting recipes is best of all: that is, to use large scrap-books for the general material, and filing cards for the individual recipes. Several women have a whole series of medium-sized ledger books, which they have pasted with text and recipes of a general character. Thus, one hostess is proud of the books which stand in her Business Corner, and whose home written titles run something like these:

Buffet Suppers for Winter Months.
Cakes and their Frostings.
Desserts, Hot, Cold, Refrigerator, Quick, etc.
Entrees, Luncheon Specials.
Hospitality Hints.
Meats and Menus.
Salads and their Dressings.
Vegetables and Vitamins.

This set of uniform books of the medium-sized scrap-book type stand upright on her desk. Then, as she explained to me recently, when she tests any special recipe found under one of those more general headings, and that single recipe is found a success and pleasing, she transfers that recipe to an individual card, and files it in her general drawer of recipe cards. This is an excellent combination plan indeed, and commends itself to any cook-book collector.

In short, the entire object of all recipe gathering is to translate this material into an active file of working material. Unlike stamps or autographs, which are dead antiques unless being classified or exhibited, the recipe collection must be so arranged as to work. Its prime objects are: immediate, accurate and reliable records, or recipes. To this end the one testing them will jot down all possible facts which will make the said recipe packed full of information for the future. We all recall the recipes which used to be used in the older type of cook-book. One might begin "take six chickens from yesterday and 4 gills of cream" etc., etc., leaving the poor bride or even the experienced worker totally at sea as to what she was to turn out, or what quantity would result from the combination of these aforesaid ingredients. Better by far to indicate at the end of the recipe such notations as these:

Temperature: (moderate oven, 350 degrees F.)

Number of persons served, or amount: 6

Time of preparation: 20 min.

Kind of pan or utensil: Utility pan.

Cooking or baking time: 40 min.

Cost: $.60.

If there is a hired worker or cook in the household, and one desires that she follow certain recipes, she should be given a duplicate card of those in the original box or drawer. This is to protect from loss, smudging with mayonnaise or batter, and also to check up any new points before notations are put on the original documents, as it were. The use of a card index built into the kitchen cabinet or above the work table at eye height, makes for ease in use. Each card may then be removed, and kept in place by a double clip on the drawer.

Others have found that each card may be brushed lightly with clear shellac, to give a waterproof coating to the card, and thus permit ease in wiping with a damp cloth. Use a large surface for such work, lay the cards down as if playing solitaire, and have a good air to dry them rapidly. One may also buy transparent envelopes into which each card may be slipped as it is returned to its box, but this may make the drawer bulky.

If the collector is a genuine hound in this work he or she is sure to have some additional compartment or series of envelopes in which to hold extraneous material. The large manila or photograph envelopes are good for this use. Often one sees what appears to be a wonderful recipe, clips it—but has not the time at the moment to try it. These large envelopes with their easy wire closer make good storage containers.

Regional cookery, as of different sections, is becoming increasingly of interest. There are special cook-books on New England, on Pennsylvania Dutch Cookery, on Apples, or Southern Cooking, or Corn, on Mexican, Japanese, or what have you foods and their ways. Here is another idea for the recipe collector: following through on one or more regions whose foods he or she or the family likes best. In a short while the collector will have choice specimens of unusual regional interest.

If some of the young folks are home from school during these holidays, let them perhaps lend a hand. Aid from the younger set—typing or pasting carefully cut out colored and other illustrations—may be one subtle way to gain their lifelong interest in good foods, and the good recipes on which these depend.

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American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3363—THIS BEGINNER'S FASHION IS PERFECT FOR SMOOTH FITTING AND EASY MAKING. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3362—A SCALLOPED YOKE AND BUTTERFLY BOWS MAKE A TWO TO TEN-YEAR-OLD WELL NIGH IRRESISTIBLE. Designed for sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch fabric and ⅝ yard contrasting.

Pattern 3314—EVEN A FORTY-EIGHT CAN ENJOY SLENDER LINES IN THIS PRETTY HOUSE FROCK. Designed for sizes 16, 18, 20, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch fabric.

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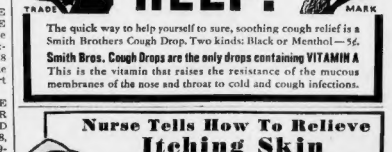

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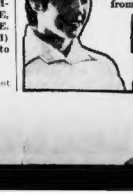

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Resinol *At all druggists. Sample free, write Resinol, Dept. 12L, Baltimore, Md.*

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Economical Dishes for the New Year

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Veal Pot Roast with Vegetables.

FOR a medium-sized family, select a piece of veal weighing from three to seven pounds from the chuck, shoulder, rump or round. Sprinkle the meat with salt and pepper and dredge with flour. Tie or skewer into shape. Brown the meat in a heavy pot, using beef suet. Slip a low rack under the meat to keep it from sticking to the pot. Add ½ cup hot water, cover closely and simmer gently until tender. This will require about 3 hours. Add onions, carrots and potatoes about an hour before the meat is done. To make the gravy, skim off the fat from the liquid in the pot. Add about 3 tablespoons flour to the fat and combine with the rest of the drippings. Stir over the fire until smooth. Season to taste. Serve on hot platter with a garnish of the vegetables.

Sauerbraten with Gingersnap Gravy (By Request).

SELECT a piece of beef weighing from three to seven pounds from chuck, rump or round of beef. Place in bowl or jar. Cover with equal parts vinegar and water. Add a few bay leaves, a dozen cloves, 1 teaspoon whole black peppers and 1 sliced onion. Let stand 2 or 3 days, turning several times so that it will pickle evenly. Remove the meat from the liquid and brown it in hot fat in a heavy pot. Slip a rack under it to keep the meat from sticking to the pot, add 1 cup or less of the pickling mixture or water, if desired, cover closely and simmer gently until tender, about 2 or 3 hours. Make a gravy of the drippings and add 3 or 4 broken gingersnaps. Stir until smooth.

Noodles and Spinach.

COOK noodles in boiling salted water until tender. Drain. Place 2 cups of the drained cooked noodles in a buttered baking dish and cover with 1 cup of grated Swiss cheese. Put two cups finely chopped cooked spinach on the cheese. Melt 3 tablespoons butter, add 1 tablespoon flour and blend well. Add ¼ teaspoon paprika, ½ teaspoon salt and 1 cup milk and stir constantly until creamy and smooth. Pour over the spinach. Sprinkle with 1 cup grated Swiss cheese and bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees Fahrenheit, for about 30 minutes or until cheese is melted.

Jellied Ham With Celery.

DISSOLVE 1 package quick lime or lemon flavored gelatin as directed on box, using about 1⅔ cups water. Add ¼ cup vinegar, ½ teaspoon salt and a few grains pepper. Chill and when beginning to congeal add 1 cup ground cooked ham, 1½ cups minced celery, 1 tablespoon onion juice and 2 finely chopped sweet pickles. Pour into a loaf pan. Chill in icebox. Turn out on crisp lettuce or watercress.

Beef or Lamb with Potatoes.

SELECT a piece of chuck, rump or round of beef or a piece of lamb leg or shoulder weighing from three to five pounds. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and flour. Brown meat evenly in a heavy pot, using beef suet. Slip a rack under the meat. Add ½ cup hot water and cover closely. Cook until meat is tender. About 45 minutes before the meat is done, add pared raw potatoes, turn the potatoes in the drippings and sprinkle with salt. Cover closely and cook until potatoes are tender but not mushy. Remove the lid to allow them to brown before serving. Make gravy of the drippings and serve on a hot platter with a garnish of crisp parsley.

Hungarian Goulash.

CHOP ¼ pound salt pork and cook gently until crisp. Dice ⅔ pound lean veal and ⅔ pound lean pork, sprinkle with salt and pepper and dredge with flour. Brown in the drippings. Add 2 or 3 sliced onions and 1 sliced pepper and cook for a few minutes, stirring to brown evenly. Add water to cover and season with a bit of bay leaf and 2 or 3 whole cloves. Cover closely and simmer gently about 1½ or 2 hours. Add 3 cups diced potatoes and carrots and cook until vegetables are tender. Thicken with a little flour blended with cold water. Bring to boiling point. Season, if needed, with salt and pepper.

Pigs' Knuckles with Sauerkraut.

WASH and scrape pigs' knuckles carefully. Cover with water and simmer gently until tender. Add sauerkraut to the broth and cook just long enough to make tender. Season to taste with salt, pepper and celery or caraway seed.

Philadelphia Scrapple.

SIMMER 3 pounds of the bony portions of pork in 3 quarts water until tender enough for meat to fall from bones. Strain broth. Remove all bones from meat and finely chop the meat. To 2 quarts of the strained broth (if there is less add a little water) add salt and pepper to taste and bring to boiling point. Slowly stir in 2 cups corn meal or 3 cups cracked wheat and cook for ½ hour, stirring frequently. Add the chopped meat and any additional seasoning desired, as sage, thyme, etc. Pour the hot scrapple into bread pans rinsed with cold water. Let stand until cold and firm. Slice and brown slowly in a hot frying pan.

Meat Balls with Tomato Gravy.

SEASON ground raw veal, lamb, beef or pork and veal with salt and pepper to taste and add a little thyme, if desired. Drain the juice from 1 can of tomatoes and reserve the juice for the gravy. To the seasoned ground meat add the drained tomatoes, a finely chopped onion and enough bread crumbs to make a mixture that can be handled easily. Shape into small flat balls or cakes, roll in flour and cook slowly in a hot greased frying pan until well browned on both sides. If the balls have any veal or pork in them cover the pan after browning the meat and cook gently until very well done. Make a gravy by adding 2 or 3 tablespoons flour to the drippings. Stir until well blended, add the juice reserved from the tomatoes and stir over the fire until smooth and creamy.

Dried Beans or Peas with Salt Pork.

PICK over and wash dried beans or peas. Soak overnight in cold water to more than cover. Drain, cover with fresh water and simmer until tender. Dice salt pork and fry until crisp. Add 1 sliced onion. Add the peas or beans and the liquid in which they are cooked. (Add tomatoes if you like.) Bring to boiling point. Turn into a greased shallow baking dish and bake in oven until sauce thickens.

Georgia Walnut Bread (By Request).

WASH and stone 1½ cups dates. Cut in pieces and add 1½ cups boiling water. Add 2 tablespoons butter, 1½ cups sugar and 1 teaspoon salt. Set aside until cool. Add 1 beaten egg, 2¾ cups sifted pastry flour sifted again with 1 teaspoon soda and 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Add 1 cup broken black walnut meats (hickory nuts may be used). Turn into greased and floured loaf pan and bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees Fahrenheit, about 1¼ hours. This bread is better the second day.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Orange Juice, Cereal, Poached Eggs, Date Bran Muffins, Coffee. *Luncheon* Salmon Loaf, Green Peas in Cream Sauce, Chiffonade Green Salad, French Dressing, Baked Apples with Mincemeat Tea. *Dinner* *(Company)* Clear Soup (Left-Over), Roast Guinea Hen, Wild Rice, Sweet Potato Croquettes (Stuffed), Asparagus Salad, French Dressing, Fruit Compote.	*Breakfast* Grapes, Cereal, Soft Cooked Eggs, Melba Toast, Coffee. *Luncheon* Baked Macaroni or Beans with Salt Pork, Golden Corn Sticks, Raisin and Apple Salad, Nut Cookies, Tea. *Dinner* Sauerbraten with Gingersnap Gravy, Baked Potatoes, Buttered Broccoli, Butterscotch Blanc Mange.	*Breakfast* Prune Juice, Cereal, Cream Toast, Coffee. *Luncheon* Cream of Oyster Soup, Raw Vegetable Salad, (Grated Turnips, Carrots, Etc.), Icebox Graham Rolls, Fruit Trifle. *Dinner* Veal Pot Roast with Vegetables, Jellied Cranberry Salad, Cup Cakes with Chocolate Sauce.	*Breakfast* Apple Sauce, Hot Cereal, Raw Potato Pancakes, Bacon, Coffee. *Luncheon* Spaghetti with Cheese and Green Peppers, Orange and Lettuce Salad, Caramel Cup Custards, Tea. *Dinner* Grapefruit Cocktail, Chartreuse of Left-Over Goose Hen, Buttered String Beans, Baby Beets, New Year's Pudding.	*Breakfast* Stewed Apricots, Cereal, Spiced Herring, Potato Cakes, Coffee. *Luncheon* Oatmeal Soup, Sliced Cold Meat, Sweet Potato Croquettes, Jelled Fruit or Lemon Sherbet, Cocoa or Tea. *Dinner* Fruit Cocktail, Broiled Fish Steaks or Fried Fish, Cress and Lemon Garnish, Steamed Potatoes, Green Vegetable, Pineapple Meringue Pie.	*Breakfast* Tomato Juice, Cereal, Plain Omelet, Reheated Icebox Rolls, Coffee. *Luncheon* Individual Baked Beans, Spiced Prunes or Sweet Pickled Apples or Crabapples, Date Brown Bread, Cream Puffs with French Fruit Sauce. *Dinner* Grapefruit, Spare Ribs of Pork with Apple Stuffing, Steamed India Rice or Noodles, Sauerkraut, Coffee Jelly with Whipped Cream.	*Breakfast* Pineapple Juice, Cereal, Soft Cooked Eggs, Muffins, Coffee. *Dinner* Beef, Veal and Pork Loaf, Brown Gravy, Yorkshire Pudding, Home Made Succotash, Chiffonade Green Salad, French Dressing, Orange Bavarian Cream. *Supper* Cinnamon Toast or Toasted Pilot Crackers with Olive Rarebit, Baked Apples, Cocoa.

For breakfast in January . . . supper, too

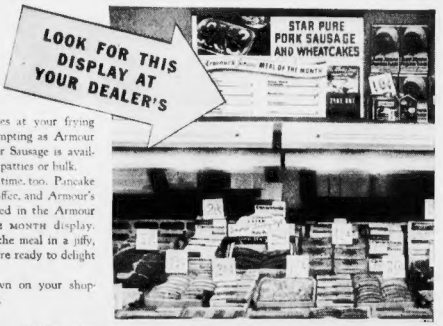
Star Pork Sausage and Wheatcakes

Marie Gifford of Armour's plans a delicious mid-winter meal . . . Your dealer features it this month

CHILL January calls for invigorating breakfasts and appetite-rousing suppers. So Armour brings you a grand MEAL OF THE MONTH—equally appropriate for morning or night. As planned by Marie Gifford, Armour's food economist, it contains a generous helping of Armour's Star Pure Pork Sausage . . . served with fluffy wheatcakes topped by delicious fresh Cloverbloom Butter, and apple slices baked in syrup. Where's the man who'll say "no" to that!

Flavorful Star Pork Sausage "makes" the meal

Armour's Star Pure Pork Sausage is an ideal meat for winter days, because it is juicy, tender and chock-full of energy. Star Pork Sausage is made in spotless kitchens . . . of finest pork . . . seasoned mildly according to an exclusive Armour formula. Packed fresh and rushed from Armour branches directly to your neighborhood food store in fast refrigerator-trucks. So it arrives at your frying pan in record time, as fresh and tempting as Armour made it. For your convenience, Star Sausage is available in any form you prefer—links, patties or bulk.



You can buy the meal all at one time, too. Pancake flour, syrup, Cloverbloom Butter, coffee, and Armour's Star Pure Pork Sausage—all featured in the Armour MEAL OF THE MONTH display. You prepare the meal in a jiffy, and then you're ready to delight the family.

Put it down on your shopping list, now.

Armour's Star Pork Sausage. Available in links or patties—pound or half-pound; also in bulk.

FREE RECIPE BOOKLET
Ask your dealer for Marie Gifford's complete Book of Recipes for the January MEAL OF THE MONTH.

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ARMOUR AND COMPANY

Goose Fair — by S. Andrew Wood

(Continued from Page 15)

bread and butter. But he had never accepted one in order to have the pleasure of seeing the judge don the black cap and hear him sentence his client to hang by the neck till dead. . . .

The telephone-bell rang next morning, soon after his man had cleared away his untasted breakfast, while, with a throbbing headache, he opened the morning's letters. The crisp and genial tinkle of it reminded Simon of O'Flynn, and it was his voice which spoke at the other end.

"Come along. Immediately, if you can manage it, me boy. Syme murder charge. The brief is here, marked for you and myself. . . Lavender's wife came along and said she'd arranged with you. . . Looks a tough proposition, but it's a chance for you, you surly young dog. . . ."

Simon's head eased a little when he got out into the frosty air, and the evil dreams that had hag-ridden him all night went away as he started the walk to O'Flynn's chambers. While he went he mused a little upon Beth, for there had been something breathless in her tone when she had rung him up just before he retired the night before to ask him the result of his interview with Patsy. Beth! She was a good friend, now that the fire had refined her, he pondered.

Looking up, Simon saw that a man had fallen into step with him as he passed the Square. It was Police Superintendent Rivett, of the C. I. D. He was very smiling and debonair.

"Taking on the defence in the Syme murder, Mr. Conelan, I hear. Faith, it's a bit of a surprise. I guess you won't pass on the contents of the letter from Charlie we handed you, now."

"You've the second sight, Rivett," Simon smiled, ironically. "It seems to have been keen enough to see through the envelope of Syme's letter. It was extraordinarily kind of you to hand it over to me."

Rivett answered coolly.

"It was a job, steaming it open and getting it photographed, I'll admit. Charlie was a queer apal-peen. We might throw the letter in as a kind of makeweight, though we've got a full case, already."

"Against the man called Lasky?" asked Simon.

He cursed himself for a fool as the words left him. He had forgotten for a moment that he meant Jim Lavender to die. Simon saw Rivett's eyes flicker and wondered all at once why the C. I. D. man had waylaid him.

"Lasky my elbow, Mr. Conelan. Lavender's standing on the trap with the rope around his neck, and you know it. He was at Charlie's house that night. He brained him with a club. We found it thrown away in the coal-cellar. We've got proof that Lavender was frightened of blackmail and wanted to wriggle out of Charlie's hands, because he'd married into money and was going to be a gentleman. Guilty as Hades, he is. It's not professional for me to say so, but man to man, if you're in court at the time the only profit you'll get is that of seeing a dirty, cowardly vagabond sentenced to death, Mr. Conelan."

"Not a bad reason for being there, Rivett," Simon said, and with a nod went on.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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